

THE TRIALS OF ADAM AND EVE

Written by Vian Andrews

Based on an original story.

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SYNOPSIS

Adam, a "star" architect in a hyper-busy, global architectural practice that is managed by his wife, Eve.

During a very public press conference, Adam is accused of sexual harassment and other "inappropriate" behaviour by women in his office. Rumours circulate that Adam has also been having an affair with another colleague.

The news explodes across all media, and in short order, Adam and Eve are both fired. The catastrophe brings Adam to his knees, and leaves Eve in tatters. While Adam nurses his pain and grievances with booze and self-pity, Eve struggles to regain her footing inside their devastated marriage, and within herself.

The couple are forced out of their gorgeous city estate, designed and built on the land where Adam's father used to run an automobile shop and junkyard. But life in a cramped apartment looking down on the paradise they used to inhabit, inevitably drives Adam and Eve apart.

Eve finds work in a small, lakeside town and works to rebuild her life, but Adam is too proud to make the move to a place where he believes he will disappear.

Their marriage almost to the absolute breaking point, the couple endure one last bitter confrontation before Eve returns to her new home and Adam is left to die or suffer the deeper agony of a re-birth.

CHARACTERS

Adam - star architect, handsome, charismatic, arrogant, boyish.

Eve - COO of Adam's architectural firm, pretty, but starchy and Adam's intellectual match.

Mack Velli - Adam's oldest friend, a financier, who is all business.

King Bensaïd - (also Mack Velli, Massimo, Male colleague at Gleason Engineering) - the King of a Middle Eastern country where Adam architected his favourite palace.

Massimo - (also Mack Velli, King Bensaïd, Male colleague at Gleason Engineering) - another old friend and client of Adam's and Eve's.

Bridget - (also Kate Gleason, and The Lawyer) - Housekeeper to Adam and Eve.

Kate Gleason - (also "The Lawyer") - owner of the Engineering firm in Port Ingels where Eve goes to work.

Sophia - (also Servant #1 to King Bensaïd, Receptionist at Gleason Engineering) - a young architecture journalist.

Female Accuser #1 - (also Servant #1 to King Bensaïd, Receptionist at Gleason Engineering and Sophia) - a young professional colleague in Adam and Eve's firm.

Female Accuser #2 - (also Servant #2 to King Bensaïd, Station Girl at Port Ingels Train Station) - another female colleague and accuser in Adam and Eve's firm.

The Lawyer - (also Bridget and Kate Gleason) - lawyer of the two women accusers.

Male Colleague at Gleason Engineering (also Mack Velli, Massimo and King Bensaïd)

Receptionist at Gleason Engineering (also Female Accuser #1)

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Vian Andrews resides in the west coast city of Vancouver, Canada. Mr. Andrews graduated from Brock University, where he studied drama, in 1973. Later, Mr. Andrews took a law degree at the University of British Columbia and after graduation pursued a career in law and business. He disposed of his businesses in 2011 and is now writing full time.

Plays:

The Dream of Richard, King
 The Penis Dialogues
 WopSong: Tune & Echo
 Shot! A murder mystery
 MUNDUS
 Shakespeare's Curse
 Old Vic
 The Trials of Adam and Eve

Novels:

The Land of Is
 The Summit of Us
 The Shunk

Screenplays:

The Treasures of Percy Lancelot
 Shot! A murder mystery
 Rock of Ages
 Tranquility
 Fist of Mars

I, Dragon (TV Series)

FADE IN:

A bare stage that remains bare throughout the play except for a long table upstage center.

Scene 1

Upstage, in dim light, two young women, 25-35, sit at a long table with their lawyer, all mute and still, but frozen as they would be in an animated press conference. The lawyer's briefcase sits on the table in front of her.

Downstage, slightly left, in the light of a late afternoon, **EVE**, a handsome woman in her seventies, wearing a garden smock, on her knees, methodically weeds a patch of perennials with a trowel.

Her eye catches the glint of something in the soil. She rummages for it and finds it. Before picking it up, she stares intently at it. She leans back on her haunches. Tears mist her eyes before she reaches down to pick it up.

A young woman, **SOPHIA HAYDEN**, late 20s, an architecture journalist, approaches from center right. She is afraid of frightening Eve so walks hesitantly and coughs a couple of times.

Her back to the Sophia, Eve stands and holds the object - a gold wedding ring - before her.

SOPHIA

Ma'am.

(beat)

Ma'am?

Eve quickly pulls the ring to her to her and clasps it tightly in her fist as she turns to face Sophia who has stopped in her tracks.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry to disturb you, ma'am.
They told me I would find you here.

EVE

(taking the measure of
Sophis)

They are never wrong.

(beat)

You are?

SOPHIA

Sophia Hayden, ma'am. We had an appointment.

(beat)

(MORE)

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

I can wait in the house. Looks like a storm...

Eve slides the ring into a side pocket of her smock.

EVE

Remind me what we're meeting about. Memory shot.

SOPHIA

I'm an architectural writer. I want to do an article about this place. Before it's taken down.

EVE

I would like to have gone to dust myself before that happened. I may yet if things move any slower.

SOPHIA

It's a shock that it's being allowed. There should have been an historical designation. What he created here... You too of course. What you and your husband did here...

(beat)

But, you're busy. Shall I wait in the house?

EVE

I've not got much to say about it. And god knows he's gone silent.

(beat)

But, you're here now, so....

SOPHIA

I understand he built this house for you.

EVE

And laid out this garden. Did the plan anyway. But as usual he left the tending to me. He never built a thing that didn't have a leaky roof and these lawns are a battlefield where I have to wage what may turn out to be a losing war against the annual onslaught of the dandelion army.

SOPHIA

You were not here for many years, after the... scandal.

EVE

One woman's scandal is another woman's catastrophe.

SOPHIA

And then, you returned. Came back and restored it. That's my understanding. It was sold out from under you but you got it back.

A loud crack of thunder. Shimmer of lightening.

EVE

Not sold, dear. It was leased out for as long as it took to put our bank accounts back in the black. We never lost title to it. Had we been forced to sell, you would have heard the sordid and bloody tale of a murder/suicide.

SOPHIA

He would have killed you?

EVE

Not if I had got to him first.
(beat)
You want to write about what he built here and elsewhere. You and a thousand others. Are you sure?

SOPHIA

No one has written about this place for thirty years...

EVE

Call me Eve, dear...

SOPHIA

Now that it's about to be torn down, Well, I... This place...Work of art. It shows your husband's genius on a human scale.

EVE

Genius, eh? It would be far more interesting if you were to write about what he destroyed. Almost destroyed. He had a genius for that too.

(beat)

Oh, don't be shocked dear. I don't mind putting my elbows in his ribs even now.

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

Young people are always dismayed to learn their gods are human.

Eve begins walking toward the house, leaving Sophia unsure about his next step.

EVE (CONT'D)

You stand there, m'dear, you'll get drenched. C'mon.

Sophia follows Eve, but as they exit there is another loud crack of thunder and a flash of lightening. They scurry off.

Suddenly the lights rise to high intensity on two young women and their middle aged female lawyer upstage. The press conference over, they all rise from their chairs. The lawyer grabs her brief case and they all take out their cell phones into which, as they walk downstage, they type text.

ADAM, star architect, lupine, handsome, charismatic not quite middle-aged enters stage center right intently staring at his cell phone. Eve, about the same age, does the same as she enters from center stage left.

The women and their lawyer stand and shout and talk over one another as they walk downstage between Adam and Eve. Lights explode like flashbulbs as they "protest" march to the front of the stage, typing text into their phones.

WOMAN 1

Inappropriate remarks!

WOMAN 2

Smutty jokes...! Innuendo.

LAWYER

Decision of the court...!

WOMAN 2

Intimidation! Harassment...

WOMAN 1

Power over women...! Uncomfortable workplace.

LAWYER

Hostile workplace! Toxic environment.

WOMAN 2

Brushed my breasts...

WOMAN 1

Had an affair...

WOMAN 2
(turning to Eve and
pointing)
She knew.

WOMAN 1
(turning to Eve and
pointing)
She had to know.

WOMAN 2
Has to stop.

WOMAN 1
Up to us.... To women.

LAWYER
(looking at the audience)
Systemic sexualization of the
workplace. To be proven beyond the
shadow of a doubt...

The two women exit defiantly right, the lawyer vigorously left.

Adam and Eve stand facing one another at a distance, Adam bewildered, Eve shocked and moving toward anger. She holds her cell phone up to him. The storm dissipates, a summer light descends.

ADAM
I know.

EVE
You know?

He walks toward her.

ADAM
I thought I would find you out
here. I rushed right home...

EVE
To what?

ADAM
Eve, you know all this is...none of
it... It's just not true.

EVE
Isn't true? Isn't true! What?
That you don't...

ADAM
Harass. No I don't.

EVE
Use your formidable power.

ADAM
Enough! You know its not true.

EVE
You had an affair?

ADAM
No. No. Goddamit no!

EVE
(holding up her phone
again)
She said everyone knows about an
affair.

ADAM
(intemperately)
From before probably. Ancient
history.

EVE
How would she know about that?

ADAM
(angrily)
Word gets out. Not by me. Their
throwing it on their heap of lies.

EVE
I don't believe you.

ADAM
Look, Eve, we don't have time for
this. We need to mount a counter
attack. Now, Eve, before any of
this gets any more traction than it
has. Let's go into the house.

EVE
No.

ADAM
OK. Over there under the apple
tree. We can sit there.

EVE
You realize this is going to
destroy us?

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

Do you actually think these women just all of a sudden invented some story...

ADAM

You believe them? No. No. No. You don't believe them. We're never out of one another's sight. Hardly ever. We'll expose their lies. Together. We'll get through.

EVE

Get through?! No, we're not going to just get through, Adam. Not unless and not until you make a full confession...

ADAM

What? Confess what?!

EVE

And admission.

ADAM

For the sake of placating them? Give credence to their allegations? Are you insane?

EVE

You don't understand how what you do and say to those women...and others in the office...even when we're at some function...

ADAM

Here we go...

EVE

Can be so fucking irritating. And offensive. It's offensive to me for God's sake - as your business partner, absolutely, but - oh, here's a news flash- as your wife. We all pretend not to notice. Just Adam being Adam. Still a bit of a boy. But, take the bad with the good because that boyish thing, that thing he has, well... out of that, don't we see, comes this inexplicable brilliance. But these women, they aren't lying. They aren't objecting for the first time... or the tenth.

ADAM

You're the Chief Operating Officer. You should have replaced them with less sensitive... I mean these women obviously have their own agendas. You know how many people want to work with me. Credit to them for getting in the door. Always the top grads, otherwise not to darken our doorway. You may suffer a little at the hands of the maestro, you tell them. I am demanding you tell them. I can be, what's your word, irritating. But, you also tell them, because it's true, they'll learn their trade. Working with me is a career booster, that's the promise. Those two liars are out. Out! There are people ready to come to work with me...

EVE

People? Let's be honest shall we, Adam. You have only ever wanted me to find women - women of a certain type.

ADAM

Professional women. All I ask.

He begins walking in the direction she threw the ring, but he doesn't get far.

EVE

Oh yes, goes without saying. They must meet your professional standards because god knows you won't tolerate anyone who cannot bring your dreams to life. But, they must all be sleek and slim and dress as you like them to dress, crisp and sharp and high-heeled. And you know what makes you so really awful, Adam?

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

You expect me to find women who will, despite the nausea it gestates in their guts, put up with your temper tantrums, your ever-changing mind, your impossible timetables, your playing favourites, your coming ever too close, your unwanted touches, the way your eyes constantly x-ray their pretty clothes down to skin and curve. And now you think, I brought you two women who were not properly vetted.

ADAM

They were trouble from the start. I told you.

EVE

They gave you the back of their hands. Made it clear they signed up to be architects not your office amusements. But, you think I screwed up.

(beat)

And I did screw up. I did your bidding as well as I could all these years. Shame on me. Oh, I know what you want. There are plenty of young male architects out there who can make your work as sublime as any woman can. But you prefer women, and I went along with that because, until recently, I've been there in our office to keep a watch out, to say to those women who are confused by you, or frightened, or offended, oh, don't take it personally please - this is what I say to professional women mind you - don't take it personally. It's play. Just play. That's just him. He's just our genius architect and his main and always focus is on that beautiful thing we are all designing together. And as I mollify and mitigate, what I feel in here, Adam...

She puts her hand to her heart. Upstage, a business-suited man, **MACK VELLI**, about the same age as Adam and Eve, and two business-suited women enter. Mack dials a number on his cell phone.

EVE (CONT'D)

Oh, I am complicit. I am. But,
what I feel in here, Adam
(hand on heart)

.... My secret hope was that,
though you might brush up against
one of them to test the firmness of
her breasts or her ass - oh, pardon
me you'd say, it's a bit crowded in
here - or as you leaned into
another woman's neck to see if the
perfume she wore would titillate
your groin - that scent, oh, sorry,
you'd say almost bowing, it's
magnetic. Apologies for not having
the power to resist, you'd say...
All of that, Adam, and a hundred
other stratagems to convey... What
is your message, Adam? But, boyish
you, man that I love - stupid me -
I secretly hoped, to the point of
an almost belief, that it was your
love for me, respect for me,
partner and wife, that kept you
from going further, from using your
many, many powers, Adam, to create
a dark moment, in the way you
design any space, where one of
them, buying your charm, would
strip naked for you, open her
legs, and let you plunge headlong
into the momentary oblivion and
anonymity that you think is your
due, when all the stress and strain
of being you is vaporized and you
could come back to your genius
work, relieved and refreshed as if
by some magic, also of your own
making.

ADAM

You are making too much of this.
Aren't you!? Eve, you are.

EVE

There are women who will consent to
that. It's true. It's true. But,
I am your working wife and I can't
do that for you anymore. My
sabbatical ends now so I can go
back to the office and clean-up the
mess you've made. Another mess
you've made.

She pulls off her wedding ring and holds it to his face.

ADAM
 (ignoring the chime of his
 phone)
 Put it back on. You're over-
 reacting. None of what they are
 saying is anywhere close to the
 truth.

She turns and flings it past him center stage right into the wings.

EVE
 Not doing it any more.

Eve exits.

Adam walks toward center right with as much dignity as he can muster, as his phone chimes. He puts it to his ear. Mack speaks inaudibly into his phone but the audience can't hear him.

ADAM
 (into his phone)
 Adam.
 (beat)
 Hi Mack.
 (beat)
 No. Yes. She's upset. We'll get
 through.

Adam exits muttering into his phone.

Scene 2

Brief pause. Once Mack is done talking to Adam, he dials another number. Eve's cell phone rings. She pulls it from her pocket, then turns upstage toward Mack and the two women.

Mack begins to walk upstage toward Eve who awaits his arrival with trepidation. When he comes within a few feet of her, they both pocket their phones.

MACK
 It was good of you to come in Eve.

He takes her hand and they kiss one another's cheeks.

EVE
 I take it feathers have been
 ruffled?

MACK

Plucked, each and everyone. Your board members feel naked as roasting chickens under the spotlight bearing down. That includes yours truly.

EVE

The Board? Without Adam or I?

MACK

We did.

EVE

Is that legal.

MACK

So, our lawyers said. Emergency meeting. Quorum present.

EVE

And...?

MACK

And...what could have been expected.

EVE

He's to be exiled? For how long?

MACK

Suspension? No. His contract has been terminated.

EVE

Terminated? His name's on the bloody door! What grounds? Shut those women down. Settle. Pay them off. Isn't that what they want? What they really want?!

MACK

Breach of the morals clause. But, that's not all Eve.

(beat)

You've been terminated too.

Eve is stunned.

MACK (CONT'D)

For complicity. Managerial negligence. Turning a blind eye.

(MORE)

MACK (CONT'D)

The women claim you knew exactly what was going on, that you enabled him, wouldn't listen to them when they came to you.

Short pause.

EVE

How did you vote?

Mack, intensely uncomfortable, walks past her and keeps his back to her.

EVE (CONT'D)

You are our longest and dearest friend, Mack. How did you vote?

He turns to face her.

MACK

With the rest.

EVE

(sarcastically)
Just business.

MACK

Business. Right.

EVE

Look this does not make any sense to me. None. Adam is the business. His vision pulls it forward and upward. His... whatever the fuck he has. Go anywhere in the world, people ebb and flow through his buildings like they are caught in a moontide.

MACK

Buildings already built.

EVE

What?

MACK

We can't afford to look just into the past.

EVE

They dance ecstatic, they watch
King Lear rage on the heath, they
stand in awe of Botticelli's
maidens, they supplicate themselves
before their divinities, they roar
for their heroes.

MACK

True.

EVE

They cram the learning of the ages
into their heads, and in some,
people do the very thing that you
do, Mack, they do the business of
the world...

MACK

Some think...

EVE

... and hardly anyone stops to
wonder how it is when they enter
those spaces their spirits are
lifted into...out of the humdrum of
their existence...

MACK

Some think his best work is behind
him... and those really in the
know, understand that the work we
are doing now is coming out of an
atelier staffed with extremely
talented people, all of whom will
still be there when the proverbial
dust settles.

Eve is incredulous.

MACK (CONT'D)

And, you want to know the truth? I
find it impossible to disagree and
so would you if you had not become
his high priestess. We're all
caught in a moontide? OK. OK.
His mind floated up there above the
rest of us earthlings. Give him
that. But, back in an increasingly
dim past he had a view that was
connected to life here on planet
earth. Now...

(MORE)

MACK (CONT'D)

...Now, he's hanging up there isn't he, with the glitterati, the stars, and inhabiting a galaxy far, far away. So save your incantations, Eve, because to his accusers they sound just like a blessing.

EVE

Those women...

MACK

Those women what? Can't drive you and Adam from your temple? Maybe it is shit they've flung into the airwaves and into social media. Call them to the stand and have them unsay it? Uninvoke the images that have formed in people's minds about the celebrity architect leering and looming over these women who, lying or not, sound pretty damned convincing. Shrill as they may be, their accusations conjure up the sight of him inserting his charisma where it's not wanted and his Dracula hands all over the tits and asses of cringing women. And the image of you, Eve, giving the back of your hand to them when they come to complain and blithely accepting your husband having an affair because, well, you've reached an accommodation, an agreement because if you can't love him, you'll love his work til death do you part.

EVE

Ancient history. And I did not accept it and I would not accept it. But that insinuation - he is not having an affair! - is just a scurrilous lie they've pulled up to seal their deal.

MACK

You think so? Really?

EVE

And don't preach at me from a moral high ground you have no right to walk upon. You should talk.

MACK

Anyway. the decision has been made. But, I talked the Board into waving his non-compete. And you were always free to go so you two can do whatever you need to do to pull your lives back together.

EVE

You've been his so-called best friend since college.

MACK

Yeah.

EVE

You gave him his first commission. Your house. After you made some money in the market.

MACK

What friends are for.

EVE

But no one ever expected it would become the iconic home that he made it to be, because no one really knew he was a genius architect until it was done.

MACK

It launched his career. I'm proud of that.

EVE

Proud of that. Yeah. I'll give you that Mack. You can be proud of that. But, little did we know that we would need so much money to create a shop that could handle the work that resulted.

MACK

Let's not rehash the past.

EVE

No, let's. One night when we were at dinner with you and your then wife you said you could arrange financing. I thought you were drunk.

MACK

I was a little.

EVE

Adam heard you. Next morning he asked me - he was too embarrassed to ask you for money.

MACK

Too proud.

EVE

But not too damned proud to send me...

MACK

Eve...stop.

EVE

What did you say to me when I came calling, Mack?

MACK

You got the money!

EVE

You said you would give us the money if I went to bed with you. Let me be more precise. There was something about sucking your dick for starters and then you would fuck me like a real man.

MACK

I didn't do any such thing. Mary had just left me...

EVE

Of course she did.

MACK

I believed I loved you. And what I said to you was... I was clumsy, I know.

EVE

Clumsy?

MACK

I was trying to paint a picture.

EVE

Really? Of rutting?

He begins to protest.

MACK

Something wilder than you were used to.

EVE

Ah, your idea of intimacy.

(beat)

Mind if we turn to the subject at hand.

Angry and embarrassed Mack turns from her and starts making an exit.

EVE (CONT'D)

(calling after him)

But, do you remember why you invested in Adam, Mack?

He stops and listens while his back is still toward her.

EVE (CONT'D)

Because I didn't suck your dick or go to bed with you, did I?

He turns toward her.

EVE (CONT'D)

I said no. I said apart from the fact that I'm a married woman and I love my husband, I wouldn't go to bed with you because you disgust me. Physical thing, though. I love your sense of humour.

(beat)

But, didn't I have your number? Oh, yeah. You were always the "all business" friend. So, after you got over your little disappointment, I came back to you with a business proposition based around the future of a now-proven genius, and you sure as hell weren't going to pass that up.

MACK

The decision stands. You're both fired. We'll buy you out and - if you want us to take Adam's name off the door - you can use the money to buy back the name rights. In any case, the business will be fine.

He exits. Eve remains, hurt and exhausted, to compose herself. She exits.

Longish pause.

Scene 3

From upstage, Adam enters in a simple, long white robe, in conversation with **KING BENSÄID**, who is dressed wearing a thaub, abaya and headdress. They walk together downstage. As they walk each man takes in details of the building through which they are walking.

KING BENSÄID

There. Truly inspired, Adam.
Truly inspired.

ADAM

Thank you, Your majesty.

KING BENSÄID

And the way the light pours in here, and there and there, bringing the suggestion of desert heat, but not the heat itself. Your building eradicates the basic discomforts of life so one can enjoy its pleasures without sensing the sands of time slipping through the hour glass.

ADAM

The building is entirely in debt to the desert, to your kingdom, King Bensaïd.

KING BENSÄID

Tell me.

ADAM

Mirage, for one. Man wanders, he grows thirsty, he feels himself in fear of his life for water is everything now. Before his eyes...

KING BENSÄID

The shimmer in the near distance...

ADAM

He does not just see a shimmer though does he? He believes with a growing urgency the thing he most needs but which is not there.

KING BENSÄID

The torment of unquenchable thirst.

ADAM

Yes...

KING BENSAID

Food to satisfy his hunger.
Companions who will drive out his
loneliness.

ADAM

And that.

KING BENSAID

The desire for a woman's ineffable
touch.

ADAM

The mind plays its trick on us.

KING BENSAID

I do not know what it is, Adam, but
this building is no mirage. It
satisfies deep yearnings of which
we are barely aware.

ADAM

An oasis offers more than water,
Majesty.

Bensaïd looks to the wings and snaps his fingers. Two women in dark robes, faces fully covered except for an opening through which they can see come from each side carrying a chair. They sit them near the front of the stage.

Bensaïd invites Adam to take a seat while the women fetch tea for the two men, now seated. Once the men are seated they stand to the side, erect, and silent with their hands folded before them, awaiting further demands.

KING BENSAID

You have travelled a great
distance, Adam.

ADAM

To be at your service, King
Bensaïd.

(beat)

I have heard you have another great
project. A new city in the
northern desert.

KING BENSAID

That is so. An international enclave devoted to technologies scarcely contemplated even today as we speak, for once the oil runs out...

ADAM

And so it must be a womb for new ideas.

The King is pleased with the metaphor, but then turns his head from Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)

And out of the sand, Majesty?

KING BENSAID

Silicon!

Adam stands and animatedly makes his pitch to the King.

ADAM

That, yes. But also, Majesty, glass. Glass! A city of glass that will never be imperilled by the shift of sands in the winds of time, never to fall into ruin as even the great stones of the pyramid, or the towers of Alexandria fell to ruin.

The King is impressed.

ADAM (CONT'D)

In the mind's eye, a spectacle unlike any other. Do you see it King Bensaïd? Yes, the Internationals will come, the wealthy of the world, and all the businesses they run around the globe, for these men will want to fire their engines with the heat of your immemorial sun.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Beneath a glass dome so large it will be invisible to their naked eyes, down there in the cool of the peopled streets and the clamorous bazaars, their infidel ears will soon accustom to the chants of your holy muezzin's when their sounds reverberate in the translucent mosques and from the gangways of the glittering minarets you will build for them. How long will it be before they bow to Mecca and supplicate themselves to Allah?

KING BENSAID

Enough, Adam. I see it, though I doubt that even architecture can convert the infidel.

Adam is carried away with himself - almost pleading.

ADAM

Ah but, even the richest among them will stand agog before the palaces that overlook the squares, for while those royal houses may appear so fragile that a breeze, or the flick of a finger, might bring them down, they will outlast every Xanadu ever built by man. Glass out of the dessert, sun, and water from up out of the great aquifer that flows below, like Alph, the Sacred River. There in the scorpion's barren redoubt of the northern dessert, the invention of new life. New life, your majesty.

The King, a stern, but pitying look on his face, holds up his hand to stop Adam from talking further.

KING BENSAID

Sit, Adam, please. Calm yourself.

The King has been prepared for Adam's pitch. He leans back in this chair and closes his eyes. Momentarily, he opens his eyes, engages Adam's eyes and puts his hand on Adams knee. Then he pulls a cell phone from his vestments and holds it up and gives it a small shake.

KING BENSAID (CONT'D)

If we could, Adam, we would wait until your trial is over and your innocence proclaimed to the world for I have no doubt you were not as crass and graceless as those women state. You could have any woman in the world for the asking.

The King stands.

KING BENSAID (CONT'D)

But, we have already called up the Dane to come and build our city. He's the big man now. Whether it be built of brick, or steel or glass, we cannot chance to sully our new city with the stink of scandal, which these days spreads so fast around the world. Those who run things carry every moment in their pockets, and like us they must answer to the higher power of the mob.

Another small shake of the cell phone he holds up again.

Adam goes down on one knee, grabs the King's hand in both of his own and kisses it. The King pulls his hand out of Adam's grip. Adam also stands and fixes his eyes on the King.

KING BENSAID (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming, Adam. You are welcome here now and in the future.

Bensaïd begins to exit but as he nears the side of the stage, he turns to Adam.

KING BENSAID (CONT'D)

These women will accompany you to your quarters if you like, my friend. They are ready to serve you.

Sad at the outcome, Adam shakes his head.

KING BENSAID (CONT'D)

Are you sure, Adam? They are no mirage.

Bensaïd exits. The women take the chairs and tea and also exit.

Scene 4

Upstage, a very weary Eve, wearing reading glasses and with a pencil behind her ear, enters carrying a cup, files and papers. She spreads out the papers, opens one file then sits to read it. Agitated, she writes cheques and annotates a ledger.

Clearly frustrated and at the end of her rope, she puts her head into her hands and breathes deeply to drive away the tears that would otherwise come to her eyes.

BRIDGET, Eve and Adam's beyond middle-aged housekeeper, enters with a three quarters empty pot of coffee.

BRIDGET
(Irish accent)
A bit more coffee in the pot.

EVE
(with head down)
None for me, thanks.

BRIDGET
Can I get you anything else? I'm
just tidying up the kitchen.

Eve stands.

EVE
Bridget...

Eve points Bridget to a chair. The two women sit.

EVE (CONT'D)
Bridget, I have to...

BRIDGET
I know.

EVE
You see, we just can't...

BRIDGET
I've never been one to argue with reality, Eve. I learned that at my mother's knee. Look at me, a housekeeper. I'm a bit of a hag now and an underachiever even to myself. But, believe it or not, when I was young and beautiful, I had bigger ambitions for myself, and maybe I still do.

EVE

I've kept enough aside to make it a bit easier for you...

BRIDGET

If life were different, I'd tell you to keep it. I will be grateful for whatever you can do and if it's just the same to you, I'll stay on 'til I find another job. No need to pay me beyond what's decent.

Bridget picks up the coffee pot and Eve's cup, and begins to make her way out, but then turns to Eve.

Is it true, Eve? Are those women telling the truth?

Unseen by the women, Adam, wearing an overcoat over a suit, suitcase in hand, himself a defeated man, enters further downstage and catches her in the moment. He puts the suitcase down and removes his overcoat, which he slings over his arm.

EVE

I don't know. I just don't know. Some of it.

BRIDGET

You don't want to gainsay another woman, and hardly ever two who have the same story. But, here's the truth of it, he's always been a gentleman with me and very kind. Mind, as I said, I am not much of a prize for the winning.

Eve hands her a cheque which BRIDGET doesn't even look at.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

A lot of women in your position would have toppled over with the ground shaking beneath them like it has for you. It's bad enough when these things are dealt with in the privacy of your own boudoir and not the public airwaves.

ADAM

(calling out)
I'm home.

Bridget steals a sideways glance at Adam, then at Eve. Bridget walks to Adam. Eve rises behind the table and leans onto her hands still preoccupied with her papers.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 (playfully)
 You look ravishing, Bridget, as
 always. That housedress...

He bites his knuckle.

BRIDGET
 Go ahead. Take the piss. I'm a
 fan, though perhaps there'd be a
 few dollars in it for me if I were
 to lodge a complaint.

ADAM
 See, that's what I mean, Bridget.
 Some people can't take a joke.

BRIDGET
 I had to learn, but I'm glad I did.
 It makes putting up with menfolk a
 damn sight easier.

ADAM
 (confidentially)
 What's her mood?

BRIDGET
 I don't think your joshing will cut
 the mustard with that one, nor
 would it with me if I were your
 wife. Your absence, if I might
 take a liberty, sir, was petulance
 made into punishment. And to tell
 you the gods honest truth, I don't
 think that one had it coming.

ADAM
 Whoa.

BRIDGET
 Pardon, Mr. Adam. I'm feeling a
 little uppity.

Adam is mildly shocked and put off at her impertinence.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)
 Shall I take your case?

ADAM
 Erm...no. I have some...

BRIDGET
Suit yourself then.

Bridget turns coolly from him, returns to the table to retrieve the coffee pot and Eve's cup then exits to the kitchen. Adam picks up his suitcase and walks toward Eve.

ADAM
Hello Eve.

She picks up an assortment of bills, and walks half way toward him.

EVE
Around the world in eighty days.
Not a peep. Not a postcard. Not a
text. Just your credit card bills
flying in here on a wing and a
prayer of getting paid.

She tosses the bills at his feet.

EVE (CONT'D)
Europe, Middle East, Africa, India,
the Far East, the West Coast...
And now, the prodigal boy returns
home, or what's left of it.

ADAM
You told me to get out.

EVE
..., all the best hotels and
restaurants, first class all the
way - and oh yes, with you picking
up each and every tab for the
wining and dining.

ADAM
One of us had to do something.

EVE
(sarcastically)
My hero.

ADAM
Oh, don't start with that. I went
in search of work.
(beat)
I was, in fact, warmly received. No
one over there can believe the
nonsense coming out of those women -
or their lawyer's - mouths.
(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

In fact, you can't find anyone over there who can understand, and I mean really understand, why over here everyone is rapturously delighted to bring another big man down.

EVE

Well, over there they aren't exactly looking for a pulse when they put their feet down on their women's necks are they?

ADAM

Not just the men, Eve. The women don't get it either. Over there it's *vita va avanti* and *che sera sera*.

She looks at him with incredulity. He picks the bills up and holds them without looking at them.

EVE

(doubtfully)

Did you win any commissions?

ADAM

They don't just hand them out. But, are there good prospects? Yes. Definitely. But, we'll have to do a lot of follow up - like we used to do in the old days - proposals, work-ups, costings... No up front fees unfortunately. Even friends will take advantage...

EVE

Friends?

Adam retrieves his suitcase, puts it on the table and takes out two bottles of wine, which he holds up to Eve.

ADAM

Speaking of which - for you, from Massimo. I stayed with him a few nights in the Sagrantino. He wants to build a new winery and cantina, a place that won't piss off his ancestors when the old structures come down, a functioning winery and a tourist magnet on a site that is... Eve, it has a beauty that would make... It would make even you cry.

He puts the bottles down, finds a corkscrew in his suitcase, then removes the cork from one of the bottles. He hands the bottle to her.

EVE

No thanks.

ADAM

To new possibilities. To reinvention.

EVE

No thanks.

ADAM

Courage my darling. We did this when we started we can do it again.

He takes a long swig.

EVE

When?

ADAM

When what?

EVE

Does Massimo want to build...?

ADAM

Ah, well, we just kicked around a few ideas. But, I sketched it out for him, right there as we stood on his terrace under a blanket of stars overlooking the vineyards.

Adam holds his arm up and draws in the air.

ADAM (CONT'D)

He could see it... Loved it. Wants it. Wants it badly. I could tell.

She begins to walk away then turns to him again.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Bed time?

EVE

For me. I'll make the guest room up for you.

He pretends not to hear her.

ADAM

Did you find your ring?

He holds his right hand up and flashes his ring. She continues to walk away. When he speaks she turns toward him again.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Did you even look for it?

(beat)

I only came back now because I wanted to find out if the draw bridge to Castle Eve was up or down. It's down isn't it? Door's open, even if the welcome mat's been tossed into the hall closet.

EVE

Stop.

He pulls a key out of his pocket and holds it up then pockets it again.

ADAM

Still works. Surprise, surprise. Guest room did you say? No, I'm not sleeping in the guest room. I'll be sleeping with you in our bed. If you want to turn a cold back to me, fine. I've seen it more than once.

EVE

I don't want you anywhere near me.

ADAM

What you don't want and never have is the kind of man who'd go whimpering off to the doghouse on your orders.

She turns and marches right up to him and gets in his face.

EVE

Let's see if this makes you howl. We are selling this place.

ADAM

Not a chance in hell.

He paces, agitated.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'll tell you what we're going to do. We are staying right here until those women drop their case.

EVE

What?

ADAM

Or until we win ours.

EVE

What?

ADAM

We're suing them - and the company. Counterclaim. Slander, defamation, malicious prosecution, wrongful dismissal. Fight back. Make sure everyone knows we are innocent.

EVE

We?

She strides over to the table, gathers a lot of papers in her hand that she bunches together and jams into Adam's hands.

EVE (CONT'D)

We are selling this place. Note to buyers. Couple in crisis. Angry and perplexed wife. Trying desperately to work it out, but not looking good. Must sell. Property of the guilty going cheap.

Then Eve shakes off her anger. She coolly walks up to him, looks him in the eye, straightens his tie and brushes dander off one shoulder of his suit jacket.

EVE (CONT'D)

While you were away Mack settled with the women. For a pittance, by the way. Despite the accepted truth of their allegations, it turns out they didn't have much of a legal case, and no stomach for the kind of brawl a guy like Mack just loves. It's over.

ADAM

So... We're in the clear.

EVE

(dismissively)

Enter the misunderstood genius, who
has a genius for misunderstanding.

She turns her back on him and strides out of the room. Exit
Eve.

Scene 5

ADAM

It's not over!

He takes another swig.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'll be in the garden when you're
ready to talk seriously about the
future. Fuck the past!

Bottle in hand, Adam ambles into the garden. His face and
body change to reveal how defeated he really is. He holds
the bottle of wine up before the moon. As he speaks he will
drink the better part of the wine.

ADAM (CONT'D)

No Bacchanalia for me, Sister Moon.
She wants me to reflect upon my
sins, that wife of mine. Well
aren't you the perfect exemplar of
the reflective spirit? Cold rock
in space, illuminated only by the
spotlight of the sun. Puller of
tides which no man can command.
The menstrual cycle your bloody
gift. Oh shock! Such words! Out
of the mouth of a pervert. Isn't
that the allegation?

He pulls his cell phone out and punches an icon to speed dial
Mack.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Ring, ring, ring. Oh, yes. The
ring goes sailing into space; in
flies disgust from a disgusted
face. Ah, who can blame her?

(beat)

Mack! I woke you up. Apologies.
More apologies than you can count.

(beat)

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

In the garden under a full moon, or pretty near.

(beat)

Tomorrow is too late. I need to talk with you my friend. My oldest and dearest friend. There is a deal to be made here. A deal, Mack. Imagine that. Yes, just back and already drunk. I have a wife who beats me.

(beat)

Good then. See you anon. I'll park myself under the apple tree where I will contemplate the gravity of my situation. I'll put my woes in cider.

He laughs at his own joke then disconnects.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Just a joke. Just a joke.

(beat)

Look here, Moon. I understand the paltry nature of my talent and how you giggle at it behind my back. I do. I have made a few buildings that are scattered around a single planet. Oh, sure, sure, I can build for mankind in human terms. At any given time a few thousand people inhabit my buildings or pass through them, or do their work, or they play in them, or whatever else it is they do when they enter and take possession. But, compared to the power of the gods in whose orbit you swim, with a few trillion other objects large and small caught in that ever expanding void, some exploding with light but some so densely black they can suck the life out of any galaxy that wanders by. Compared to what those gods can architect, what I can make and do is a virtual nothing. And didn't they, create the biggest WOW of all...

(throwing his arms up and turning)

...this! A prison for a single little man like me that tumbles in their infinitude, no walls, no roof, no floor upon which I can regain my feet. No.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

In their starlit room I am kept
locked-in with my shame and guilt,
each second of captivity in and of
itself an eternity.

He falls to his knees, drunk, his head hanging. Mack appears
upstage, but at first does not see Adam.

ADAM (CONT'D)

They make me mad with an exquisite
pain, but I love their equally mad
indifference. I do. They make me
feel like I had it coming. And
didn't I just?

Scene 6

MACK

Adam?

He sees Adam and walks quickly to him. He quickly realizes
Adam is drunk and tries to get Adam to his feet.

MACK (CONT'D)

Jayzus, boy!

Adam pushes him away.

ADAM

Don't worry, Mack, I can stand on
my own two feet.

Adam manages to get up. He puts his hand on Mack's shoulder.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Thank you for coming, Mack.

MACK

I'm surprised you called, truth be
told.

ADAM

Eve wants to sell the house. The
garden.

MACK

Jayzus. It's come to that?

ADAM

I'd like you to buy it. For fair
market value, Mack. Don't insult
us with a low ball offer.

MACK

You have three quarters of an acre in the heart of the city. You should list it and take the best offer.

ADAM

Everyone else will tear it down and build something that looks like a parallel universe. Modernism.

MACK

Why wouldn't I? Tear it down I mean.

Adam puts his arm around Mack's shoulder.

ADAM

Because you love us. And in particular, I think you really love Eve.

(beat)

You know I grew up here, right?

MACK

Of course I do.

ADAM

Turned my father's autobody shop and junkyard into this. He did mechanical work too. Clever with his hands.

MACK

I know. When he was still alive you brought me here. Helluva a man he was.

ADAM

He was. Of course, in today's world he would have been strung-up by the womenfolk, and his balls lopped-off for good measure.

MACK

Now, now.

ADAM

A woman would bring her car in for a fix. Even when mother was still alive, he'd flirt with them. Grease all over his face and hands. Filthy overalls. But, they liked him.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Saw through to the big handsome lion of a man that lurked beneath, full of animal energy. They loved his hands, sinewy, with fingers long and agile. "Can you fix my car? I don't know what's wrong with it," they'd say. "Lady, every car's like a woman. You never know what's really bothering them until you lift the hood. So, how bout I get in there and tweak the engine until it throbs and purrs", he'd say his voice throbbing and purring in the lower register. Some laughed and winked back, some stood in appalled silence, a couple slapped him good and got their own hands dirty in the process. I thought all of it was in good fun. Hell, he'd always get their cars back in running order, and probably a few of those women too.

MACK

You could get away with that kind of stuff back in those days.

ADAM

People ask me all the time, how did you learn how to do what you do? I always spill out some bullshit, but I never knew myself until tonight. Massimo's wine and and starlight pried me open. Drink?

Mack waves off the bottle.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I was my old man's junk yard dog. This is where I played - right here on the ground we're standing on, but back then it was full of wrecked cars, a mountain of tires, stacks of axles, bumpers, doors, hoods and all manner of rusted and ruined parts. I'd spend all my days shifting things around to build forts and hideaways, always trying to out-do myself. The old man was always too damned busy to pay any attention, and so I just built what looked good to me and didn't fall down.

MACK

I think what you're trying to tell me is...

ADAM

Eve believes - because I have told her time and time again - that everything you see here now, I did for her. And yes, it is a place for her living spirit. But what I never told her is that it is also a paradise for the ghost of my father. His heaven. It's what I do in all my works. I make a place for the living, but also for the ghosts of their ancestors.

Adam comes to Mack and puts a hand behind Mack's head and pulls him forward.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I don't know what you learned at the feet of your old man, Mack. I never realized that my old man's so-called sense of humour embedded itself in my mind like it did. I thought I got my work ethic from him and I loved him for that, but I didn't know my charm was the charm of an untutored grease ball.

MACK

Let it go, Adam.

ADAM

Here's the thing, Mack. You and I know you betrayed me. Maybe your old man taught you that that's OK in the name of business. Betrayal isn't one of the deadly sins, but it's a sin, isn't it. It could go in at number eight.

Mack pulls away from Adam.

MACK

You're right. I did betray you. More than once.

Adam looks at him quizzically.

ADAM

But, I'm willing to let it pass - in the name of - what do we have Mack? - friendship? So, in settlement of all past, present and future claims I may have against - hell, that I have against you in our little one-to-one, man-to-man world, I want *YOU* to buy this place.

MACK

How about if I do it for Eve, not you?

ADAM

That's what it's all about, Mack. I need her to know I can still call in a favour or two.

MACK

Here's what I'll do. Final offer. I'll take a 10 year lease on it, and sub-lease it to some rich bastard who will love living in this paradise for a few years. I'll cut a deal with your lawyers to pay what you owe them out of the proceeds, but over time. I'll make a few bucks for my effort, not much, but something for putting-up with your bullshit.

ADAM

Deal.

MACK

But here's the kicker, Adam, take it or leave it. At the end of ten years, Eve is the one who gets it back, full title. She's got that coming.

The two men shake. Adam feigns satisfaction. Mack exits. Adam, still tipsy but sobering, pulls his collar around his neck to keep out the cold.

ADAM

Where to next?

(beat)

To the guest room, but not alone.

He picks up the empty wine bottle near his feet then walks to the table where his suitcase and the second, still full bottle of wine sit. He shoves the empty in the suitcase and grabs the other by the neck.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 (holding the full bottle
 up)
 But, not alone.

He exits carrying the suitcase.

Lights down. Longish pause.

Scene 7

Morning at Eve and Adam's rented apartment in the City.

At the upstage table, a three quarter empty bottle of Chivas and a whiskey glass sit at the center near its front edge.

Enter Eve, black rimmed glasses low on her nose, wearing a white shirt and dark, pleated skirt, jacket over her arm, carrying a cup of coffee, a notebook, pen and a laptop all of which she puts on the table near the bottle and glasses.

She carries the whiskey and glasses to the "kitchen" and returns..

She pulls a chair to the front of the table, where she sits, back to the audience as she turns on her laptop while sipping the coffee. She puts her jacket over the back of the chair, but remembers that her cell phone is in one of its pockets. She finds it and puts that on the table too. Once comfortable, she surfs employment sites on the Internet.

Enter Adam downstage, wearing a T-Shirt and sweat pants, unkempt and a bit hung over. He comes to the front of the stage and yawns while looking out the window overlooking their now leased-out house and garden.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 We have to move. Really? Why are
 we subjecting ourselves to this?
 Money? We were cast out of
 paradise by the gods of money.
 Mack's good intentions paved the
 road to the hell we're stuck in.
 Or is this just purgatory?

Eve ignores him. He shuffles around.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I don't want to look down on our house, especially when the tenants move in and they start traipsing around our garden, especially if they start chasing the children we forgot to have.

(beat)

Where are you going?

Eve half turns toward him.

EVE

What?

ADAM

Where are you going?

EVE

Nowhere.

ADAM

You're dressed.

EVE

I have work to do.

ADAM

What work?

EVE

Job hunting.

She turns away again.

ADAM

Did you make coffee?

Without turning to face him she points to the kitchen. He leaves. She grabs her cell phone and dials a number she finds on a website. He returns carrying a cup of coffee.

ADAM (CONT'D)

It's cold for chrissake.

She turns and finger wags at him to be quiet as she waits for the call to connect.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(loud whisper)

You'll never get to a human... It's all done online now. So, I've heard.

Eve disconnects. She's irritated.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Voice mail, right? - that other
operating division of Hell.

He walks behind her and starts massaging her shoulders. She tightens.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Relax.

EVE
Stop.

ADAM
Just relax.

She shakes her shoulders to get him to stop, stands, takes her jacket off the chair and puts it on, then closes her laptop and picks it up.

EVE
I'm going to the library.

ADAM
Kiss goodbye?

She doesn't want to, but to avoid another argument, she leans in and kisses his stubbled cheek.

ADAM (CONT'D)
Are you pissed off because I tried
to initiate sex last night.
Unsuccessfully, but, for god's
sake, you can't blame a boy for
trying.

EVE
You were drunk.

ADAM
I wasn't drunk. I had a few
drinks. You drank too, if I recall
correctly.

EVE
One glass at dinner.

ADAM
One glass...

EVE
OK, another when were...

ADAM

Sitting together on the sofa
watching whatever it was...for the
first time in, oh, let's call it
months.

EVE

I have to go.

ADAM

I thought you might...

EVE

What?

ADAM

Relent. Look, Eve... elephant in
the room, a huge lump under the
carpet with all the other shit
we've swept under there.

EVE

Yeah, well...

ADAM

You said you weren't prepared to
break up our marriage.

EVE

If...

ADAM

So, you made it conditional?

EVE

Every marriage is conditional.

ADAM

Yeah, well one of the conditions
for me is sex. Being blunt about
it. What's it been, a month? A
few weeks before that perfunctory
episode. Time's passing. When are
you putting a good fuck on your
calendar?

At her wit's end.

EVE

How about right now?

ADAM

Now?

EVE

Yeah. But...

ADAM

Shower and shave?

EVE

It's been a few days. You stink.

He doesn't believe her. She gestures him toward the bathroom.

EVE (CONT'D)

Throw those things in the hamper.

Convinced she is serious he backs away to the washroom he gives her a thumbs up.

He exits. She clears the table of everything but her laptop and hurriedly takes it to the kitchen as we hear the sound of a shower. Once done, she picks up her laptop and exits.

Longish pause.

Adam enters wearing a long nearly open bathrobe, his hair wet. The room is empty. He walks to the "bedroom door" and sticks his head in the door, and seeing she is not there, turns back into the room, incredulous.

He walks center stage and looks down on their old house, and can hardly bear to look. He puts his hands over his eyes than as his anger and frustration rise, he paces like a caged tiger as he tears at his hair.

When he arrives at the center of center stage he turns in a frantic circle.

ADAM

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

Finally he comes to a stop facing the table, exhausted. He pulls himself together, cinching the belt of the robe.

ADAM (CONT'D)

OK. You want to play? Let's play the waiting game.

He walks to the table, grabs one of the chairs and brings it front and center where he places it carefully. Satisfied with the aesthetic placement of the chair, he returns to the table, takes the Chivas bottle by its neck and picks up a glass. He walks with both back to the chair where he pours himself a double before walking to the front window.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Eve may not be there to kick you in your trespasser's balls, but the ghost of my father is and he will toss a wrench into all your good works. First you get the taste of happiness; then comes the pain of fucking life.

(hoisting his glass)

Have at it, pops!

He drinks, savouring every drop then pours another.

Scene 8

As lights go down on Adam, enter Mack upstage in a business suit carrying a brief case. He positions himself on the far side of the table facing the audience. He slaps the briefcase down on the table and opens. He pulls out papers and spreads them on the surface. He realizes something is missing.

MACK

(calling out)

Dot!

He walks left and yells into the wings.

MACK (CONT'D)

Dot! I need the mortgage files.

(beat)

What? Oh, yeah, yeah. Send her in.

He walks back, but this time to the front of the table, where he perches on its front edge.

Enter Eve looking uncertain, not very friendly.

MACK (CONT'D)

Still pissed off, eh? One of these days you're going to realize I'm doing everything I can for you. And Adam. Not that he deserves it. But you do.

EVE

What do you want, Mack?

MACK

We could have done this over lunch. Met for cocktails after work.

EVE

Yeah, I don't think we're quite ready for that yet.

MACK

I was out at Port Ingels... Back up a step. Let me preface what I'm going to say by telling you to your face that I'm getting tired of being treated as the bad guy.

Difficult moment of silence. Eve begins an apology...

MACK (CONT'D)

I don't want an apology, Eve. If you can't see I'm being as good a friend as I can be in the circumstances, just treat me with some respect. Can you do that?

(beat)

Found a job yet? Didn't think so. Alright. Look, I've helped arrange a bit of financing for a small engineering firm that took root out in Port Ingels. Run by a woman named Kate Gleason. You won't have heard of her yet, but you will. Amazing woman!

EVE

OK.

MACK

She needs some consulting on how to organize her office and operations.

EVE

In Port Ingels?

MACK

Beautiful place, right on the lake. Gorgeous.

EVE

Off the beaten track though. Not sure that's going to work...

MACK

You do realize we live in a world where all the tracks are beaten and there is no "off of"? So what, you don't want to leave the City for a couple of months? Because of Adam?

(beat)

(MORE)

MACK (CONT'D)

Do you have any money in the bank?
Can't have much. Just a guess.
So, here's the deal. I told Kate I
knew just the person.

EVE

And when she finds out what
happened?

MACK

She's up on everything. It's
called the news. Even Port Ingels
is cabled in. Anyway, when you
meet her, you'll find out she
really doesn't give a damn.

Mack turns to his briefcase, finds a business card and hands
it to Eve.

MACK (CONT'D)

You've got less than a week to make
the call, otherwise she'll move on.

EVE

Mack. Thank you. Truly.

MACK

(looking at his cell
phone)
Oh, look at that lunch time?
Hungry?

EVE

As a matter of fact...

MACK

(ironically)
You know I'm no longer attracted to
you, right?

EVE

(amused and pleased)
Why would you be?

He ushers her toward the door with a bow and a swoop of his
arm. They exit.

Lights down to black.

Scene 9

After midnight in Adam and Eve's garden. A shaft of window light from downstage right is cast diagonally toward center stage. Shadow silhouettes of people inside the house flicker in the light on the garden grounds.

Momentarily, from center stage left, Adam, dressed in black, eyes maniacal, enters crouching like an amateur burglar. He's had two or three drinks, but is not stumbling drunk.

ADAM

You can enter the gates of paradise
if you have the key.

(facing the house with the
key in hand)

I have the house key too, when that
day comes.

He moves around the garden.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Can a man trespass on his own
property? Their lawyer will say
yes. Mine will thump the counsel
table, engage the eyes of the
awakened jurors and say no! This
court wants justice! This man
trods on holy ground; ground of his
father and his father's father. He
only wanted to pick flowers for his
wife. My client has a right to
offer her a rose from a plant she
nurtured into beauty - to mollify
her anger and disappointment.
Those blooms will conjure a memory
dear to them both. Where's the sin
in that?

He moves closer to the house and seems to look in through the
window.

ADAM (CONT'D)

But, can I be the Peeping Tom while
hiding behind the apple tree and
looking yonder? Yes, of course.
Conditions being normal. On such a
charge the judge will gavel down on
the bench of judgement with a
mighty bang. Guilty as sin!

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Guilty even if you peep through a window you designed and built, into a room you designed and built, into the home you made and once shared with your very own wife. The crime is gazing at the things *other* people do in private, clothed or naked as the case may be, whether they are supping at dinner, or doing their bed time ablutions or any of the million things we all do in obedience to the habits of our lives. Agreed, agreed. Nolo contendere.

(beat)

But, what if one is looking through a window at things lost in a happy time now gone? When what he sees is himself and his own wife in a moment of shared laughter, or making a mid-week meal in married silence, or crying over some loss that was always inevitable, or looking at them when they are fighting over things impossible to recall once that window is shut? What if he watches in mute agony while he and his wife make love on the plush threads of their couch, wrestling their pleasures to a mutual climax in the red glow of a fire dying into embers? No crime there. Is there? Is there?

The sound of a door opening. A flashlight beam penetrates the darkness. A siren sounds. Adam backs quickly toward the gate he came through.

MAN

(loudly)

Who's there!?

(beat)

Cops are coming. There on their way. Beat it!

Adam runs but stumbles and falls then picks himself up and runs off stage. Sirens sound loudly then die off.

Scene 10

At the upstage table, a receptionist at Gleason Engineering sits working on a pile of accounts, facing the audience. Enter Eve in a business suit, looking eager to please. She sees the receptionist and walks to the reception desk.

RECEPTIONIST

Hi.

EVE

Hi. I have an appointment with Ms Gleason.

RECEPTIONIST

Sure. Can I say who...

EVE

She's expecting me. Eve...

RECEPTIONIST

I'll go and fetch her...

Enter **KATE GLEASON**, middle aged woman with an aura of strength around her, in full stride, hand extended.

KATE

Eve...Kate Gleason. Call me Kate. Thank you for coming all this way.

EVE

I enjoyed the drive. More than you can know.

KATE

Let's go in here and have a chat.

The receptionist picks up some of the files...

RECEPTIONIST

Kate, I'll be in accounting if you need me...

She exits with her documents as Kate walks Eve downstage.

KATE

We only do standing meetings here. It speeds things up and people find it harder to nod off or check their beloved phones. Hope you don't mind.

(beat)

What did Mack tell you?

EVE

You're looking for some guidance on how to manage your business. He said you are growing...

KATE

Beyond my capacity to manage... I'm sure he told you that. I'm an engineer, not a bloody manager.

EVE

Well, I'm a bloody manager, not an engineer.

KATE

You ran your husband's business according to Mack.

EVE

Someone had to.

KATE

Oh, twinkle twinkle...

EVE

Sorry...

KATE

Oh, Eve, please. I like a woman who can slice and dice. When the occasion requires, of course.

(beat)

Mack said I should beg you to come here for a month, maybe two, so we can figure out what we need in terms of systems, processes, HR, accounting and the rest and then help us recruit whoever it is we need to keep us sane in the long term.

Eve suddenly feels immense relief but tries to hide it from Kate, who misreads it as resistance to the proposal.

KATE (CONT'D)

We'll get you a place, of course. Pay you what you think is fair.

EVE

A couple of months? I should talk to...

KATE

Don't say another word til I tell
how all this came about.

(beat)

I was looking for financing. One
person led to another. Someone
steered me to Mack. Mack came to
see me. He's all business that
boy.

EVE

Oh yes.

KATE

But, after a gruelling day going
over our books, such as they are,
he suggested we go to dinner. I
don't mind mixing a little business
with my pleasure, and I thought, oh
goody, I can use my female wiles to
seal the deal. Don't tell him that.
Well, Mack and I are both in the
Lonely Hearts Club, but generally
too busy to let the keen edge of
loneliness cut our mustard. One
bottle of vino led to the second,
with me holding on to the last
vestiges of the supplicant
entrepreneur I was. So, that thing
that happened to Adam - and to you,
lest we forget - Mack mentioned he
had been involved in the...the,
uh...

EVE

Fiasco.

KATE

Right, fiasco. And the firing of
you and not your - let's not call
him completely innocent - husband.
But, who knows? Suddenly, Mack
confessed a regret. This the man
who had declared earlier that he
refused to acknowledge any regrets.
But, men love to confess their
regrets to any decent-looking woman
caught in the glow of candlelight,
don't they? And the regrets they
have, they tuck away into a dark
pocket, awaiting that special
moment when a woman is listening,
or, in my case pretending to.

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

I was still intent on closing a deal with him, so I was nodding my head a lot as he soliloquized.

EVE

Naughty girl.

KATE

He told me, Eve, that he regrets putting you out on the street.

EVE

He and Adam have been friends a long time.

KATE

Not Adam - you. He's had a bitch of a time keeping that business going so that is regret one. But, clearly, he is fond of you too. That regret is personal.

EVE

Yeah, but he did. But, I don't blame him.

KATE

Why not?

(beat)

He'll never tell you this, but after dinner, when we were in the parking lot stumbling around looking for our cars, and him wondering whether he should proposition me things got a bit testy. I'm not interested in sex with men and if that's the price of their money. It's too high a price to pay. Besides, I just might be a lesbian. Might give that a go someday. Anyway, a diversionary tactic seemed in order so I gave him holy hell. Wrath of woman, acting on behalf of a scorned you. And - this may surprise you - not just for firing you, but Adam too. Because what right did those women have to bring down such a man, a man with the gifts he has. But, take you down? Because what, you're Adam's rib? Fuck that!

(beat)

Oy. Sorry. I just get...

(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

I'm old school feminist, not really getting whatever the hell is going on now.

EVE

He really did make those women feel uncomfortable. I mean... he had it coming.

KATE

He had something coming. Obviously. The gods are giving him the lesson of a lifetime, to be delivered by female spirits. Mostly by you if I'm not mistaken. But, what did you have coming?

(beat)

Oh, shit, now I'm making you uncomfortable...

EVE

Look, I don't want you to... I don't want mercy work because Mack worked on you to...

KATE

Mercy? Did you notice my receptionist helping with the bookkeeping? Manually. No computer. She uses a cell phone to route calls. I need your help Eve and I don't know if there's anything I can say or any amount of money I can offer to pull you out of the city because Port Ingels is not exactly the centre of the world, is it? But...will you?

Eve extends her hand.

EVE

(smiling and extending her hand)

I brought a suitcase with a change of clothes.

They shake.

KATE

Yay! You just made me a happy girl. So. let's go meet the rest of the gang. But, please don't flirt with the men. It confuses them.

They exit. Lights down.

Scene 11

Enter Adam from stage left, dishevelled and badly in need of a shave and bath, wearing sweats, followed by Eve carrying her overnight bag.

EVE

You changed the lock? You changed
the lock?

He goes to the table upstage and sits on a chair at the end of the table, looking at her as she looks around.

ADAM

I'm the only one who lives here
now. Who else needs a key?

EVE

I've been coming home every
weekend.

ADAM

Funny, I didn't see you here last
weekend.

EVE

Right. Yes, I missed one. We had
a major presentation with a big
client... All hands on deck. Do
you remember what that was like
Adam? I told you I couldn't...

ADAM

And I told you if you didn't come
home I'd change the lock.

(beat)

You're always the one hammering
away about priorities. So...

EVE

You put curtains across the window?

ADAM

I like it dark.

Eve walks to front and center and seems to take a measure of the "curtains".

EVE
You don't want to look down at
our...

ADAM
Right. That too.

EVE
Have you and Mack been in touch?

ADAM
No.

EVE
Have you made any effort to...

ADAM
No.

EVE
...find work?

He remains still and silent, looking at her blankly.

EVE (CONT'D)
And what? You want me to come and
sit here in the dark with you? You
want me to pull the curtains on my
life too.

ADAM
Do whatever you want.

EVE
So, you're done with us?

ADAM
What do you think?

Eve paces for a few seconds, then comes back to her overnight
bag. She walks stage left, turns one last time to look at
him.

EVE
I've completed my consulting work
in Port Ingels.

ADAM
And so, what? You're back? But
not back.

EVE
I recommended myself for the full
time management job.
(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)

That dubious advice was promptly accepted. I'm moving there. I want you to come with me. There is a lake. You can see the horizon, maybe look past it.

ADAM

Big city Eve, reverting to small town Eve. Not for me thanks. That would feel a little too much like giving up. There'd be nothing for me to do but stare across the water into the vanishing point.

Eve snorts with astonishment. He turns away. Short pause.

She walks toward the door.

EVE

(with finality)

He who has the key pays the rent.

Sound of door opening and closing.

Crushed, Adam extends his arms across the table and bends over and lays his head down weeping, then sobbing spasmodically.

Light effect - 1 minute - a cycle of light and near darkness.

Adam pulls himself up. Stares mutely. Pours himself another drink.

ADAM

Has to be the last.

He throws it back, then takes the glass and bottle and walks to the kitchen and exits.

Scene 12

Lights down upstage. Lights up downstage as Kate Gleason, carrying a Jeroboam of Champagne, the receptionist carrying a tray of champagne classes, one other woman and a middle aged man enter from stage left carrying food, all in business attire and everyone very happy.

KATE

It's a bloody gorgeous day, so let's take our celebration to the park instead of staying here. All in favour?

ALL

Aye...!

KATE

No Eve?

RECEPTIONIST

She had to take a call.

KATE

Tell her to hang up and meet us out there. If it weren't for her...

She hands the Jeroboam to the man.

KATE (CONT'D)

I'll get her. You guys go ahead. Don't pop that cork 'til we're all there!

Everyone but Kate exits stage right. Kate is just about to go off left to find Eve but Eve enters, carrying a large tray of food.

EVE

I'm sorry Kate, but I can only stay a few minutes...

KATE

No, no, no Eve, my lovely, this little party is the culmination of a lot of hard work that we never would have got through but for...

EVE

I'll come right back...promise.

KATE

Let me guess. Adam? Crisis thirty-two.

EVE

He's at the train station.

KATE

They have very hard seats there. Oak. Designed for people without a backbone. Let him sit awhile.

(beat)

Sorry. Sorry. It's not for me to get in your craw about it, but come with me first. You deserve some bubbly and don't you dare guzzle it on his account.

EVE

Kate....

KATE

Sorry again. I just can't respect a man like that. Look kiddo, your colleagues want to raise a glass to you, and you'll let them or I'll send you back to the city without the benefit of alcohol to lubricate the re-entry.

Eve checks the time on her cell phone then texts a message to Adam. Even and Kate exit, Kate smiling, Eve anxious.

Scene 13

Upstage, Adam perches on the edge of the table head down looking at his cell phone. Agitated and impatient. A small duffle bag sits on floor beside his foot. There is a tight roll of blueprint paper, secured by an elastic on the table beside him.

Eve, wearing the same clothes as she did for the office party, enters stage center right. She stops and looks at him and realizes he is still caught in a deep depression.

Adam looks up from his cell phone and sees her. He stands and faces her.

EVE

Sorry. I had to finish some work.

ADAM

Lucky you.

EVE

I didn't know you were coming.

ADAM

You said you wouldn't come to the city, so...

(beat)

Bit manipulative on your part...

EVE

And starting with an accusation isn't?

(beat)

How are you?

ADAM

I'm depressed apparently. Went to see the doctor. He gave me some candy.

He pulls a small bottle of pills from his pocket and shakes them...

EVE

Have they helped?

ADAM

I'm shaving and combing my hair.

EVE

I can see that.

ADAM

He says it will take some time.

EVE

Have you found work? A little to keep the hungry wolves at bay?

ADAM

A bit of drafting work. A couple of old friends have taken pity. But, I have been busy. Busy, busy.

He picks up the roll of blueprints.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I want to show you... Can we go to your office.

EVE

Not a good idea.

ADAM

Your place?

He tries to tempt her by waving the blueprints again.

EVE

You can't stay here, Adam.

ADAM

(deflated)

You should be the first to see this.

She turns her back on him and walks away, in deep pain.

EVE

Go back to the city.

He unrolls the blue prints and holds them open.

ADAM

See? You see what it is, Eve?

She won't look at it.

ADAM (CONT'D)

You wanted me to open the curtains. Let some light in. So, I did. I finally managed to look down and the place is...long story short... Point is, by the time we're able to return, it will be a shambles, an utter fucking shambles. House - and your garden, too.

He moves closer to Eve with the plans. She moves away.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Look, goddam it! Goddamit Eve, look! I will rebuild it for you. Ground up. Every inch remade. Not something to return to. Something new to step into. Paradise regained.

He smacks the open plan with the back of his hand. She doesn't react.

ADAM (CONT'D)

(becoming angry)

Well, aren't you the inspiring muse of old? The woman I try to please. Who used to dollop-out a little approval when she couldn't avoid it. World beating a path to my door, adulation pouring in my ears right out of the mouths of the world's great and powerful, and what was I waiting for? A little "that's nice, Adam" from you. Well, I have to say, no one would have got what they got without me trying to please you. Without you to tame my wild imagination with the discipline you mete out. So, thanks for that, Eve. Thanks for that.

She turns toward him.

EVE

I love you Adam. I really do.

ADAM

She said, starchily, withholding her love 'til the last moment. What's the "but"?

EVE

I smell vodka on your breath.

ADAM

I'm pouring my heart out and your sniffing for booze?

(beat)

Yes, I had a drink on the train. One only. Two at most.

EVE

I'm sorry you came all this way.

ADAM

I'll stay at a hotel. Tomorrow..

EVE

No. No tomorrow.

ADAM

There is no train back to the city until tonight.

EVE

So be it. It's not like your waiting for Godot.

ADAM

(seething)

Clever girl, now fully recovered from her years living with an idiot savant.

He stuffs the roll of blue prints in her arms and stomps away and exits, leaving his overnight bag where it was.

A young woman enters from center upstage and makes herself busy behind the table sorting schedules and other papers.

Eve carries the blueprints to the table and puts them on it.

EVE

(indicating she would like to unroll the blueprints)

Do you mind if I just...

STATION WOMAN

Sure...what have you got there?

EVE

Plans.

(seeing them for the first
time)

My god!

STATION WOMAN

What? It's blueprints, right?
What is it?

EVE

Shangri La. Xanadu. Paradise.

STATION WOMAN

You can see that?

Eve, nodding, gazes at them, but then determinedly rolls them up again then puts an elastic around them to make the cylinder.

EVE

My husband has to return to the city tonight. He's gone for a walk and a bite. Can you take care of these for him? He'll come in railing about things being lost.

STATION WOMAN

Sure can.

The station woman picks up both items and exits the way she entered.

Eve types a text message to Adam, then exits deep in thought.

Longish pause. Cycle of days - light and dark.

Scene 14

Downstage, **MASSIMO**, suavely dressed, Italian style, enters and takes a position downstage front left, dialing his cell phone. He paces.

MASSIMO

(strong Italian accent)

C'mon, Adam. Dove sei? Dove sei?

Adam doesn't answer.

MASSIMO (CONT'D)

Mio dio!

Massimo disconnects and then dials Eve's number.

EVE

(voice message system)

This is Eve. Please leave a message.

A moment's pause, then a beep.

MASSIMO

Eve? Ciao Bella. It's me. How are you? Vorrei parlare con Adam, ma ho perso il suo numero. Mi dispiace. In Inglese. Io ho perso Adam's number. Call me back please. Per favore, as soon as you can. A presto, a dopo.

Massimo disconnects and looks at his cell phone.

MASSIMO (CONT'D)

Il diavolo e nella macchina, non nei dettagli.

He exits with proud impatience.

Longish pause. Cycle of days - light and dark. Storm approaching.

Scene 15

Adam, dressed again in sweat pants and a T-Shirt, but not as unkempt as he was before visiting Port Ingels, enters his apartment carrying a large block of paper and a box of coloured pens.

He throws the block of paper down on the floor and then kneels down in front of it, He dumps the pens by his side and on the paper and then, mumbling to himself incoherently, begins working fervently, using various pens to draw great arcs, squares and other shapes.

A knock on the unseen door at stage left that Adam doesn't hear. A louder knock. The sound of Eve's voice outside the door.

EVE (O.S.)

Adam.

A yet louder knock that Adam does hear. He stands.

EVE (CONT'D)

Adam!

Slightly stooped, Adam walks to the door. Pause.

Eve enters wearing a stylish dress and flats, with Adam trailing.

EVE (CONT'D)

You're working.

She looks to the floor where he had been drawing.

EVE (CONT'D)

Work in progress?

ADAM

Works in regress.

(beat)

Kid stuff.

He draws a few lines in the air.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Letting stuff come out...

EVE

What you've always done. Render
the impossible, possible.

Eve walks to the front window overlooking the audience.

EVE (CONT'D)

The curtains are still open. You
told me when you came to see me
that... Well, I'm glad you're not
dwelling in the dark like you were.

ADAM

I was withering like an unloved
figus.

(beat)

Why now? Eve?

EVE

I had to come to the city. We had
a meeting nearby.

ADAM

Ah. In the neighbourhood. A
friendly visit. Old time's sake.

(cynically)

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Well, as you can see, I have not re-sprouted the wings that once carried us aloft. No longer your bird in the hand.

He drops to his knees in front of the paper.

ADAM (CONT'D)

This is where I lay out the blueprints of my nothing life.

EVE

OK. I was worried about you.

ADAM

Keeper of the clock. Tick-tock, tick-tock.

(beat)

What do you really want, Eve?

(beat)

I suppose you've fallen in love with someone by now. Some good burgher who can never be brought low because it never even occurred to him to strap on a pair of wings, even of the wax kind that bore me aloft. And you too, if memory serves.

She heads toward the door, but turns to face him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Is that what you've come to tell me? New man in your life? Just tell me. I'll survive.

She turns and faces him..

ADAM (CONT'D)

C'mon, Eve. Take your parting shot. Take your final bow.

EVE

There is no other man in my life, not that it's any of your business. Not now.

ADAM

What did you do, Eve? Chuck your ring into the lake? Oh, right. Couldn't do that. Within five minutes of hearing that shit that was leveled at me you tossed it into your garden.

EVE
OK. Shame on me.

ADAM
Goes without saying.

EVE
And shame on you.

ADAM
Yeah, shame on me.

EVE
Did it ever - ever - occur to you
that maybe you weren't the only one
affected by...

He backs up and turns his back to her then moves away to a distance.

EVE (CONT'D)
Don't turn your back on me. Look
at me. Goddamn you, Adam, look at
me.

He turns toward her. She moves in close to him.

EVE (CONT'D)
It was a complete, utter and total
catastrophe for you. Got it. But,
I got heaved out onto the street
too. Why? Because I was attached
to you. Not just married, but
manager of your business. Manager
of your fucking life.

She pounds on his chest with both fists.

EVE (CONT'D)
Goddamn you, Adam! Goddamn you!

She steps back and half turns away.

EVE (CONT'D)
I had to pull myself back together.
And... and, I had do it fast, while
my head was still spinning
because...

ADAM
Don't say it.

EVE

...I had to prop you up because I knew you couldn't do it for yourself. That's what I do - prop you up. I didn't even think about the fact that you wouldn't be there for me. And god knows you weren't.

ADAM

You like to think you were there for me. Just like you walk in here now. You say you're worried about me, but you know, you're not really. Curious maybe. But, when the crisis hit, you never showed an ounce of compassion, or comfort or tenderness. You're a manager? You couldn't manage that.

EVE

I'm not your mother.

ADAM

That god you keep bringing up, he knows you turned your back on me. Didn't say a word to challenge those women.

EVE

I'm not your avenging angel either. But, I was there for you. You don't want to remember, do you, as you construct the myths that will explain how and why and when your wings melted. Who was that standing beside you at those press conferences where you thought you could clear your mighty name? Who came with you to the lawyer's office when you were barking for justice? Who was down there in our home at the end of the day listening to your endless rationalizations, your promises of holy retribution...

ADAM

You bought their whole story? You wanted me to admit to greater crimes than even those women were howling about.

EVE

We could have got through it.

ADAM

Just apologize, you'd say? Be contrite. Admit... admit the sins of which I stood accused. You were ready to do that...

EVE

Yes.

ADAM

But, it wasn't your name on the door.

EVE

Wasn't my name? Whose name do you think I carry if it isn't yours?

(beat)

Eyes were on me, Adam, right from the start of it. Oh, yes, she knew, she knew. How could she have been married to a man like that? How could she let him treat those women so repulsively? And then, everyone feasted on those rumours that you were having an affair with some woman who hadn't come forward, suggesting you were secretly in love, not just enjoying another fling. But, everyone hoped she would come forward because, god knows, the allegations made weren't sordid enough to satisfy the mob.

ADAM

There was no one. You know that.

EVE

I don't know that. Why would I know that? Trust what you say? Ever since that first time...

ADAM

We worked that out. You forgave me. I've been as good a boy as any man.

EVE

Yeah, well, don't think for a minute I ever again shut my eyes to the possibility that you might... As I watched you flirt...

ADAM

Mack settled with them. You said yourself they had no case. They had no stomach for a fight. They got bought-off with next to nothing.

EVE

You see how you trivialize what those women said? What they felt?

ADAM

No rape. No assault. No abuse. No attempts at seduction. Not even a stolen kiss. No promises of this for that. No threats. No one held back from promotion because she didn't put-out. And what's left? Harassment by joke? Discomfort by standing too close or by bending over someone to correct a drawing? And for this I lose my reputation and become a public pervert, I lose my livelihood, and then have to stand by as a new mark of Cain, a new scarlett letter, goes on every building I ever designed or ever would. I lose all my friends...

EVE

We lost.

ADAM

...I lose my home...

EVE

We lost.

ADAM

...lost my marriage?

EVE

We lost.

ADAM

And you want me to, what? You want me to stand here in the rubble and be a...

EVE

Not what I said.

ADAM

You want me to be a man. Right?

EVE

I'm going to give you this: yeah, you got caught in an historical moment. Our grievances, our women's grievances came roaring on shore like a tsunami where the real monster men were casting their nets for vulnerable women. But, our giant wave took the legs from under them didn't it, as they deserved? But, then, it kept ripping up the beach to take out the rest of you, even a lot of you so-called good guys.

ADAM

Don't make me laugh.

EVE

But, here's what you don't get, not even now after all you've suffered. Especially because you were made to suffer. What, even, I didn't get until I did. News flash, Adam. Women don't want to be wanted just to satisfy men's little boy needs.

She goes and stands by the window overlooking the audience.

ADAM

That's it?

She doesn't answer, she just looks down at their home and garden, tears welling-up. Presently, he comes behind her, puts his hand on both her shoulders and turns her to face him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Don't you miss your garden? Our home?

EVE

Not while it's still a junk yard. Not while your father still rules the roost, sniggering at his own crass jokes.

She pulls away and prepares to leave.

ADAM

What the hell are you talking about?

EVE

We don't want to have to pat you on the head, make you feel smarter than you are. We don't want to laugh at your lurid jokes. And, unless we want you there, because we want you there, we don't want you standing too close - because we know, instinctively we know, the very smell of us, the skin we have, our softer hair, our little voices, all our curves, the ever present promise of release that every woman's being enfolds within her body, rouses a man, either to desire...

(beat)

...or to a murderous intent. It's in every molecule of every breath you take.

ADAM

Not all men. Not me.

EVE

Every man who stands too close before he's wanted. Every man who gets turned on by a woman's shock and awe.

ADAM

Me?

EVE

You too.

ADAM

You know that's bullshit.

EVE

(weary and resigned)

Yeah, it's bullshit.

(beat)

I have to go.

She is slow to gather her things, pain and regret setting in. Adam walks to the drawings on the floor and kneels down beside them.

ADAM

Come look. Before you go.

Eve hesitates.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Look. It's on spec. I got wind of a new project in Amsterdam. A museum of modern art. Come down.

He takes her hand and tugs her down.

ADAM (CONT'D)

C'mon.

Eve kneels beside him, but reluctantly, both facing the audience.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Car parts. Skin and bone of freedom's wheels.

EVE

(surprised and impressed)

Wow.

Adam pulls himself up to his knees, to her side, but almost behind her.

ADAM

I'm doing it on spec.

She flips a few pages to look at different renderings. Once done she also gets up on her knees astounded by what she's seen and proud of Adam. Their two sides are touching.

He brings a hand to her face and puts it on her cheek to turn her head toward him. Then he leans into her and kisses her mouth. At first she tries to pull away, but when he embraces her, her body responds warmly.

Suddenly he pulls her down with him so they are both supine and he trying to lock her in an embrace.

EVE

(quietly)

Adam... Stop.

He rolls her on to her back.

EVE (CONT'D)

Adam! Stop. Stop.

He rolls on top of her, and pins her arms above her head, then tries to kiss her again. She squirms and groans as she tries to get out from under his weight. He manages to get between her legs. He takes her glasses off and flings them away.

EVE (CONT'D)
(yelling)
I consent. I consent.

ADAM
(baffled)
What?

EVE
(fevered anger)
I consent.

Adam now releases his grip and gets back on his knees, still between her legs.

EVE (CONT'D)
(delcaratory)
I consent.

Eve sits up, now dishevelled. Adam stands and cups his head in his hands, ashamed.

EVE (CONT'D)
I don't want you to live the rest of your life knowing you raped me. And I will not be raped! If you want to fuck me that badly go ahead. But I am a dry well and I will not get naked for you.

ADAM
No... I...

Eve stands and pulls herself together. She finds her glasses and puts them on.

Adam walks to the front window overlooking the audience.

Eve finds her handbag and makes her way to the door through which she arrived.

ADAM (CONT'D)
I thought I would build you a beautiful world...

She stands still while looking at him pitiably.

ADAM (CONT'D)
But, I built a house of horrors.

EVE
A house of mirrors, maybe.

She turns to walk out again, but quickly turns back toward Adam.

EVE (CONT'D)
Call Massimo.

ADAM
What?

EVE
Call Massimo.

Eve exits. Lights slowly to dark. Adam leaves the stage.

Scene 16

Lights up downstage. It's autumn. Enter Eve, now the old woman she was at the beginning, and Sophia, the journalist. Sophia follows in Eve's footsteps, carrying an open notebook and pencil, her brain on fire.

SOPHIA
Of course, we know he called
Massimo.

EVE
He did.

SOPHIA
He went to Italy. To Umbria?

EVE
He did.

SOPHIA
He designed Massimo's winery and
cantina.

EVE
As you well know. Have you been
there?

SOPHIA
No. But I will.

EVE

Now you say you want to write our story. But, listen to this old woman, Sophia, because I know you won't be able to write it down to the bone until you taste the wine made from Massimo's grapes. For when the sun...

(pointing up)

...up there is done with them, they are taken from the vineyards to the ancient buildings that were remade by my dear husband. In there some other magic - Adam magic - works on the ripened fruit to transform it into a ravishing tonic for the soul.

SOPHIA

Then I will go. I will go. Of course I will.

EVE

You don't have to take my word for it. Talk to Massimo's ancestors, for they gather there all hours of the day and night to cheer on humankind. That place, my dear girl, when he was finished, was better by far than anything he'd done before.

SOPHIA

Yes..

EVE

But, those buildings are the least important thing about the work. It was the designing of that place and the overseeing every detail of its building that...

Pause.

SOPHIA

That?

EVE

Made a man out of Adam. A whole man. God was in those details.

SOPHIA

Wow. And it became the foundation for all his later work. He regained his reputation.

EVE

...and didn't give a damn about whether he did or he didn't. You see, in contemplating the transformation of grapes to wine, he transformed himself. He tore the cross of shame and guilt upon which he'd hammered himself, and threw their busted and splinted works into the flames of pure creativity.

(beat)

It's a rare few who can do that.

SOPHIA

But, what about you? As his wife, but also as a woman I mean?

EVE

Me? I never stopped tending our garden. Once I had entered here all those years ago, and even in the time the gates were closed to me, this place and I were one and the same. This is where I have spiralled through my time on earth, going from green to grey, but under the same skies as my husband, always together, but always in our own way.

Eve looks up at the setting sun and sinks into a quiet contemplation while Sophia makes a note in her notebook.

Short pause.

SOPHIA

Whatever became of Mack?

EVE

He died. Just last year.

SOPHIA

He loved you, didn't he?

Adam, now old and white haired enters carrying a rolled-up blue print, but stops at a distances as he watches the two women talking

EVE

Sometimes a god comes in the guise of a devil and sometimes the devil in the guise of a god. One could never be sure with Mack. But, he redeemed himself, time and time again, by transforming his greatest disappointments into acts of love.

SOPHIA

Devils don't do that.

EVE

No they don't.

SOPHIA

Mack would have married you, I assume.

EVE

Maybe, but when it came down to it, when the choice was to be made, when we were all young and our antennae were poking the heavens, I knew I liked the driving spirit of Adam's soul more than the spirit driving Mack. Close call though. They were both builders.

SOPHIA

After Adam died I mean. Maybe you and Mack...

EVE

Die? Adam didn't die.

Adam now walks to the two women.

ADAM

(chuckling and avuncular)

Not yet, anyway. Mine is a case of sublimation. I went directly from boyhood into old age.

Sophia is gobsmacked. Adam kisses Eve on the cheek, and she pats his chest affectionately.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I won't ask if she's told you any lies. She's been known too.

EVE

What have you got there, old man?

ADAM

The newly-minted plans for what will now rise in this place once we're out.

SOPHIA

Really? Can I see?

EVE

I've got some work to do in the potting shed.

She ambles off to the table upstage behind the table where she continues to stand while she quietly watches Adam and Sophia.

ADAM

It's upsetting to leave this place, but truth to tell, she can't handle the work any more.

SOPHIA

It is very sad. It's so incredibly beautiful.

ADAM

Our paradise on earth.

SOPHIA

What will become of it?

Adam gets down on his knees and unrolls the blueprint while Sophia stands behind him looking over his shoulder as he gestures at the drawing.

ADAM

Main entrance here, courtyard and cafe, pool and playground, walkways you see, all around the roof gardens and terraces.

SOPHIA

It's stunning. You did this?

ADAM

Hope so. I was attached to the pencil as it rendered my every thought, crazy as they were.

SOPHIA

What is it?

ADAM
(looking up over his
shoulder at Sophia)
It's a place where broken people
can pick up the pieces. A shelter
in the storm.

Adam struggles to his feet and looks at Eve where she remains seated.

SOPHIA
Oh, my god. I want to write about
it too!

ADAM
On one condition. Don't mention my
name. As the architect I mean. I
am used to being dead for all
practical purposes.

SOPHIA
But...
(beat)
Ah... I get it. Thank you.

Eve walks back toward them.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)
Thank you both. Thank you. I'll
send you a note when I've done the
article.

She shakes Adam's hand, but embraces Eve and kisses her on the cheek. Sophia exits excitedly.

Adam gets back down on his knees to roll up the blueprint but Eve gets down on her knees beside him. She pulls the ring from her pocket.

EVE
Look what I found.

She hands it to him. He looks in wonder at it. They look deeply into one another's eyes.

ADAM
Well, I suppose it was never really
lost.

They embrace one another and kiss.

Fade to black.