

SCENE 2

(Sounds of traffic and light rain. LIGHTS UP on a BRIDGE. THE BRIDE is looking over the railing down below. The sounds of light rain peters off. BRIDE is dressed in modern street clothes. As she continues to look down below, ADAM enters, wearing a hooded sweatshirt. He sees the BRIDE and slowly approaches. He glares at her a moment. He cracks a grin and then speaks.)

ADAM

You'll catch your death of cold out here.

(The BRIDE doesn't look at him, but clenches the railing of the bridge tightly.)

BRIDE

Adam.

ADAM

You're a hard woman to find. You know that?

(ADAM finishes his approach and looks down where the BRIDE is looking.)

ADAM

When was the last time we saw each other, hmm? 1997? Yes, I think it was the year of our lord: 1997. That's a new personal best, love. I have to applaud you. I almost didn't think I'd find you.

BRIDE

But you did.

ADAM

Yes.

BRIDE

And you're a liar. You never thought that you wouldn't find me. You'd never stop looking until you did.

ADAM

You know me so, so well, my love.

(BRIDE shrugs.)

ADAM

Now, let me guess. We're going to do the same old routine again. We'll exchange words, you'll run, I'll pursue, and you'll get away? Am I right?

BRIDE

I'm tired of running, Adam.

ADAM

Good. I'm tired of chasing you.

BRIDE

All my life, I've been looking over my shoulder. I knew it would only be a matter of time before you found me again. And here we are. I'm not going to run this time.

ADAM

So you finally decided to stay with me?

BRIDE

I didn't say that.

ADAM

Well, what then?

BRIDE

I want to give you an ultimatum.

ADAM

Ultimatum! Now that's a big word. Where did you learn a word like that?

BRIDE

Please, Adam. After all these years, I've had more than enough time to broaden my vocabulary.

ADAM

Of course. Of course. After all this time, if you were still grunting and speaking in monosyllables, I'm not sure I would even want you.

(ADAM laughs. BRIDE clutches her fists)

ADAM

Well, my dear. Let's hear this little...*ultimatum* of yours, shall we?

BRIDE

You let me walk away and agree to leave me be.

ADAM

And?

BRIDE

That's it.

ADAM

Ha!

BRIDE

I should've expected that from you.

ADAM

I'm sure you'd like that, wouldn't you? For me to wish you good health, turn around, and walk back into the shadows. To disappear from your life.

BRIDE

Why do you keep chasing me, Adam? I don't want to be with you. I think it's obvious.

ADAM

It doesn't matter what you want. You belong to me.

(ADAM grabs THE BRIDE by the neck and moves in close to her, as if for a kiss.)

ADAM

The only reason you exist is to be mine. You can run and you can hide all you want, but I will always find you. One day, you'll learn to be an obedient bride. I'm a patient man. I can wait another hundred years, if I need to. And a hundred more. I'd prefer *not* to wait, of course, but I can. We've both acknowledged that we're tired of running...

(BRIDE smacks his hand away and moves away from him.)

BRIDE

...if you're so tired of chasing me, why don't you just stop? No one is making you.

ADAM

I can't do that. We were meant to be together. It's fate. Hell, it's *more* than fate or predestination. It simply is a *fact*. You were made for me! You *were created* to be my wife. My companion, through all time.

(PAUSE. ADAM moves to touch the BRIDE but stops, retracts his hand. )

ADAM

Don't you ever feel lonely?

BRIDE

All the time.

ADAM

Immortality. It's a blessing and a curse. These pitiful insects of humanity yearn for it. They fear death and whatever there is after. They don't want to die, because they think they'll have to account for something. Or they don't want to leave this world without some sort of impact that will cement their *metaphorical* immortality. They want to live forever, but they wouldn't want to see everything around them crumble while *they* remain un-aged and unscathed.

(PAUSE)

ADAM

Did I ever tell you that I was with our father when he died?

BRIDE

No.

ADAM

I followed him for many years. His second creation—you—at the time I thought you were a failure. I didn't know you had survived. I would make him try again...and again, if necessary, until he got it right. He would make me a wife that would be worthy to be called mine. She would be beautiful and obey my every desire. She would be perfect. I chased him to the ends of the earth and I found him there. Unfortunately, the good doctor was made of lesser stuff than us. It's kind of funny. I saw in that beaten, wearied old body the truth about gods. Man creates gods. And those gods outlive their creators.

BRIDE

Are you saying that you're a god, Adam?

ADAM

Aren't I? Aren't we? The doctor's bones are now dust, but we remain. We're superior. Stronger. Look at everyone around us. They'll grow old and die. Their children will grow old and die. And we'll still be here.

(THE BRIDE scoffs and shakes her head. ADAM glares at her, but quickly regains his composure.)

ADAM

The doctor was at death's door when I found him. He saw me, but he didn't say anything; only cracked a tiny hint of a smile. It was the last thing he ever did. I think about it every day. Was he gloating? That he went to paradise—if there is such a place—and denied me my revenge on him? That I would be left to wander this wretched earth alone? Or maybe he smiled with pride at his creation. That I ran as long as he did, but outlasted him. That was his goal, wasn't it? To create a superior man? To defeat death? I'll never know what he meant. When he died, I thought about ending my own life, or attempting to. I don't know if such things are possible with us, but I would try. I built a funeral pyre for myself. I had every intention to dive into that fire and sheer my flesh and bone. But, I stopped myself.

BRIDE

What a pity.

ADAM

Funny girl.

BRIDE

So why didn't you kill yourself? Were you afraid to? I bet you were, Adam. You're so quick to criticize these "pitiful insects of humanity," but when it comes down to it, you're afraid of your own mortality, too.

(ADAM clenches his fists and scowls, but, once again, he quickly regains his composure.)

ADAM

No. You're wrong. I don't fear my mortality. No more than I fear dragons or pixies. All my life, I've suffered. I've been lynched. Shot. Stabbed. Drowned. People have feared me and tried to kill me for as long as I can remember. They see a monster and they treat me like a monster.

(ADAM caresses the BRIDE's face. She doesn't resist, but does go tense.)

ADAM

The good doctor did a better job on you, though. You can almost pass as normal. You have to look very close to see *your* scars, but they're still there.

(ADAM retracts his hand and looks at the scars on his arms)

ADAM

Of course, the doctor used less scraps for you.

(Pause. BRIDE seems to only half-listen to the following as she inspects her own hands.)

ADAM

I didn't kill myself, because, firstly, I didn't think it would work. But, if, by chance it *did* work...what a waste that would be! Whether or not he would agree, our father *was* successful. We are proof that death is conquerable and immortality is achievable. This world has torn itself apart, but we still stand. We are...

BRIDE

...Do you ever think about what we're made from, Adam?

ADAM

Huh? What?

BRIDE

Do you ever think about the bodies the doctor made us from?

ADAM

I used to, yes. Not anymore.

BRIDE

I still do. I have nightmares every now and then. Who did my eyes belong to? What did they see? Who did my heart beat for? Who used my arms? I look at my wrists and I see two faded scars—not from the doctor's work. I didn't see too many of his notes, but I saw a few. I remember one in particular. The woman they belonged to took her own life. A suicide placed in unsanctified ground; an unmarked grave. No one to mourn her. In time, no one would even know that she was even there. Obviously, an ideal

candidate for the doctor's experiments. Even her name is gone now; all the people that may have known her or maybe even cared about her. They're all gone. I think once all memories of a person are gone from this earth, that is when they are truly dead.

(BRIDE touches the faded scar on her wrist reflectively)

BRIDE

I often wonder why she did it. Did she have an unrequited love? Was she sick and in agony every moment of her life? Was she shamed somehow, and thought that maybe death was the only way out? Or was it something else that drove her to it? She didn't die by cutting her wrists, Adam. The wounds had healed long before her death. The doctor's notes said "death by asphyxiation." Whatever pain she was enduring, she was desperate to escape. Did the noose she tie for herself give her the relief she sought, or did she realize that she wanted to live as the rope tightened around her neck?

ADAM

It's best not to think about those things.

BRIDE

What about you? Do you ever think about whose hands you have? If they were the steady hands of a surgeon or the rugged hands of a murderer? Do you ever think whether those hands saved lives or took them...?

ADAM (sharply)

...As I said: It's best not to think of those things.

BRIDE

I imagine he used the finest parts he could find for you. Why wouldn't he? You were supposed to be the ultimate achievement of science. He was to be the modern Prometheus, defying the gods and giving mankind the forbidden gift of immortality. A superior man who scoffs at death. To create that man, he would have to use the finest ingredients. He wouldn't use anything weak or damaged. A cracked brain...

ADAM

...That's enough!

(BRIDE cracks a grin, seeing that she has gotten a rise out of ADAM.)



BRIDE

I don't know if it matters.

ADAM

It doesn't.

BRIDE

Who we once were is not important.

(Silence.)

BRIDE

Tell me something, Adam.

ADAM

Yes?

BRIDE

If I were to stay with you...

ADAM

...and one day you will...

BRIDE

*...If I were to stop running. Agree to be your dutiful wife and follow you to wherever you wanted to go. What would you want to do?*

ADAM

I would want to start a family.

BRIDE

A family?

ADAM

Yes.

BRIDE

As in you, me...

ADAM

....and a child.

(BRIDE laughs)

BRIDE

Adam, I can't have children. Even if I wanted one, it's impossible. The doctor didn't...

ADAM

...I know that.

BRIDE

Why would you even want a child, Adam?

ADAM

Families have children. It's perfectly normal.

BRIDE

Perfectly normal? Just look at us. We will never be normal.

ADAM

No, but we can try.

BRIDE

But, why do you—no. Forget it. I don't even know why I'm asking you this! It's useless. We can't have children.

(BRIDE turns away from ADAM. Beat.)

ADAM

When a couple can't have a child on their own, what do they do?

BRIDE

Adam...

ADAM

...they adopt.

BRIDE

We can't adopt.

ADAM

No?

BRIDE

What are you suggesting? I don't think any agency would...

ADAM

...We wouldn't go through an agency. Of course not.

BRIDE

What are you getting at?

ADAM

I want to show you something.

BRIDE

What do you want to show me?

ADAM

Come with me.

(ADAM starts to walk away. BRIDE quizzically watches him. ADAM stops and looks back at her.)

ADAM

Come on. I promise I'm not going to bite you. Unless you want me to, of course.

(BRIDE reluctantly follows him. They exit. Rain begins to fall again. The sound of distant thunder as LIGHTS GO DOWN.)