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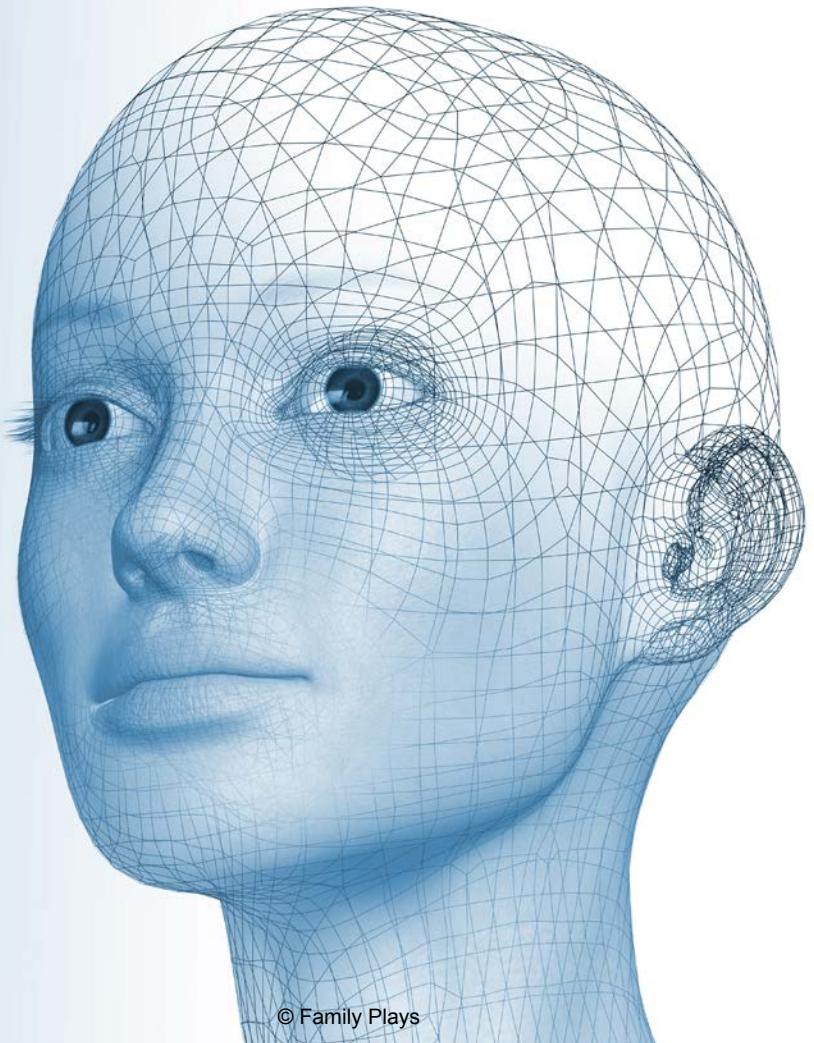
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## **Family Plays**

Winner of the Texas Theatre Association Playwriting Contest

# EDEN

Drama by Jerome McDonough



# EDEN

“*Eden* ... won the Brookwood zone, the Surrey zone, and went on to the British Columbia Provincial Finals, where we were the only play with a large ensemble and the only play to receive a standing ovation (14 plays, 4 nights of competition). Eventually we came away with the Best Technical Production Award in British Columbia. Great play! Thank you!”

(T. Dale and D. Kennedy, Langley Secondary School, British Columbia, Canada)

“We are thoroughly enjoying the play.”

(Carol Atchley, Cross Plains High School, Texas)

**Drama. By Jerome McDonough.** *Cast: 12+ actors, flexible.* Featuring irresponsible politicians who listen to lobbyists instead of constituents, *Eden* tells about a world in the not-too-distant future where child-bearing and rearing are no longer fashionable. The corrupt government functions in collusion with the industry that manufactures Genofacts—machine-produced children who can be purchased as well-trained, properly programmed 18-year-olds. In a dramatically frightening manner, McDonough uses his perceptive understanding of secret human emotions to look at where our civilization is headed with the genetic engineering and experimentation taking place today. With a playing time of about 60 minutes, *Eden* may provide a full-length program or it may combine with a shorter play such as *Fables* or *Asylum*. Like most of McDonough’s works, *Eden* is a superior contest play. The cast’s aim is to maintain an uninterrupted flow without the intrusion of full blackouts or scene curtains. *Suggestions for cutting the text to contest length and bridging the scenes are given in the text. Most of the props are pantomimed. Each costume also has a breast pocket with a flap bearing a “G” that is displayed when the performer portrays a Genofact. Approximate running time: 60 minutes. Code: E72.*

## Family Plays

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Eden

# Eden

*" . . . There might be a few echoes, but they'll be distant —  
and fading by the second."*

A play

By **JEROME McDONOUGH**

**Family Plays**

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

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(EDEN)

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“Produced by special arrangement with  
Family Plays of Woodstock, Illinois”

## DEDICATION

to Brian Christopher McDonough, born June 7, 1978,

his beautiful mother, Raenell Roberts McDonough,

*and to EDEN'S original inhabitants:*

Ellen Keller, Larry Mayes, Tim Thomas, Crystal Sutton, Charles Mixon, Pete Hagan, Diana Holeman, Mike Altendorf, Shirley Wooten, Allison Foust, Charis White, Greg Sasueda, Ricky Moulder, Lynn Eckbledt, George Yancey, and Mark Goetzman.

## EDEN

### *Characters*

EDEN is an ensemble play for 10 or more performers. Only the characters of ADDIE and ETHAN and, to a great degree, LEADER and CHAIRMAN remain consistent throughout the work. Double, triple, and quadruple casting is the rule.

*All the following roles are played by members of the chorus:*

<b>ADDIE</b> —a woman in her early twenties, basically attractive, a fighter for her rights	<b>ETHAN</b> —a man in his early twenties, average, easy-going but more and more desirous of family life	<b>LEADER</b> —pompous but careful about it, a would-be despot, a puppet of private interests (also plays UNCLE BIMBO)
<b>CHAIRMAN</b> —a middle-aged male or female in command of his or her industry, endlessly willing to compromise principle for economic gain		
<b>MS. CARLSON</b>	<b>REPORTER 1</b>	<b>FEMALE NURSE</b>
<b>DR. CELESTE HARBINGER</b>	<b>REPORTER 2</b>	<b>YOUNG CROWD MAN</b>
<b>JOHNNY FEAR</b>	<b>REPORTER 3</b>	<b>FAMILY WOMAN</b>
<b>BINK LOATHING</b>	<b>OLD CROWD MAN</b>	<b>SECRET SERVICE MAN</b>
<b>FRANK ARLINGTON</b>	<b>ANNOUNCER</b>	<b>DAUGHTER (Dancer)</b>
<b>MRS. CAT-WIMBLEY</b>	<b>DINER MAN 1</b>	<b>BOY (Dancer)</b>
<b>G. G. Jr. (Genofact)</b>	<b>DINER MAN 2</b>	<b>ARNOLD (Genofact)</b>
<b>PEG (Genofact)</b>	<b>INTERVIEWER</b>	<b>CROWD WOMAN</b>
<b>SECRETARY</b>	<b>WORKER 1 (Charlie)</b>	<b>GENIE GIRL</b>
<b>BOARD MEMBER 1</b>	<b>WORKER 2</b>	<b>HECKLER</b>
<b>BOARD MEMBER 2</b>	<b>WORKER 3</b>	<b>ANOTHER HECKLER</b>
<b>BOARD MEMBER 3</b>	<b>WAITRESS 1</b>	<b>POLICEMAN</b>
<b>BOARD MEMBER 4</b>	<b>WAITRESS 2</b>	<b>WAI F GENIE GIRL</b>
<b>MC</b>	<b>MALE NURSE</b>	<b>WAI F GENIE BOY</b>

EDEN takes place in a time and society uncomfortably like our own. The technology to create such a world is available. Whether we choose to pursue this course or not is our decision, as the Leader says, “for the moment.”

**SETTING:** Bare Stage

*A 12-member ensemble was multiple-cast in the original production:*

Addie  
 Ethan, Board Member 4  
 Leader, Uncle Bimbo  
 Chairman, Bink Loathing, Frank Arlington  
 G. G. Jr., Diner Man 2, Old Crowd Man, Announcer, MC, Policeman  
 Peg, Interviewer, Worker 3, Mrs. Cat-Wimbley, Waitress 2, Female Nurse, Secretary  
 Board Member 1, Worker 1, Johnny Fear, Diner Man 1, Boy  
 Board Member 3, Male Nurse, Young Crowd Man, Heckler, Waif Genie Boy  
 Board Member 3, Family Woman, Dr. Celeste Harbinger, Waitress 1, Waif Genie Girl  
 Reporter 1, Daughter, Diner Woman, Young Crowd Man  
 Reporter 2, Arnold, Secret Service Man, Another Heckler  
 Ms. Carlson, Reporter 3, Crowd Woman, Worker 2

Other multiple-castings are certainly possible.



### NOTES ON THE PLAY

The Leader of an unspecified country announces his displeasure with the quality of one facet of the National Product—children.

The Chairman of the Board of a corporation, meanwhile, unveils a new product—synthetic human beings called Genofacts (Genies, for short).

The new “children” (18-year-olds) will be available to families whose women have been inoculated against fertility. A strong conflict develops between those favoring the new program and those opposing it. The opponents claim that Genies will eventually take over the world, making the human race obsolete.

Jerome McDonough, with his characteristically inventive style, gives us another play that makes us take a fresh look at this civilization that man has created. Beware—the smiling, unctuous Genies will haunt your dreams.



Since this play runs approximately one hour, it may stand alone as a full evening’s entertainment, or it may combine with a shorter play, like *FABLES* or *ASYLUM*.

Like most of McDonough’s works, *EDEN* is a superior contest play. Suggestions for cutting the text to contest length are given on p. 35.

*EDEN* should be performed without the intrusion of full blackouts or scene curtains. Actions to bridge all scene transitions are suggested in the text. Whether these actions or others are used, the key point is to maintain an uninterrupted flow from curtain to curtain.

All props in the play are pantomimed except for hypodermic needles carried by all ensemble members save Addie and Ethan. These syringes (from which the needles are clipped to minimize hazards) serve as microphones, slide projector controls, telephone receivers, and a myriad of other hand props as called for in the script. Only characters sympathetic to the Immunization Program utilize the needle/props. Each costume also has a breast pocket with a flap bearing a “G” which is displayed when the performer portrays a Genofact.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

### COSTUMES

All members of the ensemble dress in similar costumes. The original cast used one-piece jumpsuits/playsuits to suggest the adult/child game levels of the script. (Colored T-shirts, jeans and sneakers are another costume option.) Each suit had a breast pocket with a flap bearing a small "G" which could be displayed when portraying Genofacts (the flap was concealed inside the pocket on other occasions). Each costume also had a sleeve pocket for carrying the hypodermic syringe.

Various costume elements were added from time to time to denote certain characters in the play. These elements are called for in the script as they appear. Further costume additions are permissible, but discretion is urged since action is continuous and little time is available for elaborate dressing or costume changing.

Characters are more easily discerned by the audience through the device of a variety of colors in the jumpsuits; for example: LEADER—Black; CHAIRMAN—Red; ADDIE and ETHAN—Light Blue; DAUGHTER and BOY—Medium Blue; MS. CARLSON—Green; DR. HARBINGER—Dark Blue; GGJr and PEG—Yellow; BOARD MEMBER 3—Orange; REPORTER 2—Purple.

### PROPERTIES

All props in the play are pantomimed except for hypodermic needles carried by all ensemble members save Addie and Ethan. These syringes (from which the needles are clipped to minimize hazards) serve as microphones, slide projector controls, telephone receivers, and a myriad of other hand props as called for in the script. Only characters sympathetic to the Immunization Program utilize the needle/props.

### LIGHTING

The script calls for a backdrop or cyclorama lighting which can change from blue to red; a follow spot; and independent areas of light Down Right, Down Left, and Down Center. All lighting effects may be omitted.

The original production toured a variety of spaces, some of which had only room light, and the play suffered very little for lack of sophisticated lighting instruments.

### SPACE

The stage directions in this script are designed for a proscenium stage; but any area, indoors or out, will suffice. Right and Left entrances are desirable, but not absolutely necessary.

### MUSIC

The music accompanying EDEN may vary, depending upon the region and the taste of the director. A specific suggestion or general idea for music is included at each cue in the script.

The original production utilized the following recordings, some of which are no longer available, but perhaps these notes will give an idea of the appropriate tone of each selection:

OPENING MUSIC—Debussy "Arabesque" for Piano No. 1 in E

LEADER'S FIRST MUSIC—"Hail to the Chief"

LEADER'S FIRESIDE MUSIC—"Star Spangled Banner" or "America the Beautiful"

INOCUTION THEME—Big Band arrangement of "You Always Hurt the One You Love" very uptempo

MONSTER'S KICK LINE—The final chorus of an uptempo big band arrangement of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic"

LIFE DANCE—Hanson's "Serenade" for flute, harp, and strings

UNCLE BIMBO—Offenbach's "Genevieve de Brabant:Galop," excerpt including the "Marine's Hymn"

GENOFACT ASSEMBLY LINE—"Jingo" from Copland's *Statements* recorded at 45 RPM from a 33 1/3 recording

NIGHTMARE—Last sequence of "Subway Jam" from Copland's *Music For a Great City* recorded at 16 RPM from a 33 1/3 record

MS. CARLSON'S SPEECH—Legato excerpt from Copland's *Appalachian Spring*

FRANK ARLINGTON—"National Emblem March"

ENDING SEQUENCE—Woman's "hide and seek" counting, the children's entrance, and audience sounds with the Debussy "Arabesque" playing under—recorded during a dress rehearsal (the very bravest may wish to record this sequence fresh at each performance).

These selections are by no means the only possibilities for any given sequence in the play. Most are heard such a short time as to be unrecognizable, anyway. Some selections can be repeated, some may be omitted, and some may be played inappropriately rather than appropriately. All music may be omitted. The performers and the performance comprise EDEN; music, lights, and stage effects are merely texture.

#### CUTTING REMARKS

When EDEN is performed for contests or other limited-time performances, some cutting of the script may be necessary. All or any of the following deletions may be made.

Page 11: Cut OLD CROWD MAN'S scene.

Page 13: Cut from "CHAIRMAN: (Second half of line) Meet me tonight, the usual place" to Page 13: "CHAIRMAN: You assured me we could . . ." This will make the LEADER/CHAIRMAN dialog a continuous telephone call and cut the dance scene. Also cut, Page 13: "LEADER: OK, OK. . . ." to Page 14: the stage direction "A Woman, Ms. Carlson, is delivering . . ." CHAIRMAN will exit to the wing and LEADER, shaken, to his.

Page 14: Cut from stage direction "A Woman, Ms. Carlson, is delivering . . ." to Page 15: stage direction, "Music up, a blaring Big band version of . . ." The effect of this editing is to remove the Carlson/Heckler/Police officer scene.

Page 16: Cut from "MC: Now for some of that dynamite entertainment . . ." to Page 18, MC: "We want to take a second now to salute . . ." This abridgement removes the FEAR and LOATHING sketch. This cut will necessitate playing the Frank Arlington scene before the Uncle Bimbo scene. Some word alteration in the introduction and follow-ups for both scenes will be needed. This reversal of scenes is necessary to allow for the LEADER'S exit and re-entrance as UNCLE BIMBO.

Page 22: Cut the entire "monkey scene," beginning with the long stage direction at the top of the page, through Ethan's last speech at the bottom of the page.

These cuts should result in reduced running time of 15 minutes or so. Additional cuts may be made if required by the time limit.

# EDEN

By Jerome McDonough

*[Blue light may flood the backdrop or cyclorama as the opening music comes up. From the back of the auditorium, a GIRL'S VOICE is heard, counting for "Hide and Seek." All the other ENSEMBLE MEMBERS run down all aisles from the back, giggling and shushing each other, seeking hiding places. They move onstage and take positions for the first scenes, "hiding" by becoming other characters in the play. They freeze in Leader and Board meeting scene characterizations]*

GIRL'S VOICE [ADDIE]. . . . 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20! Ready or not, here I come!

*[GIRL, who later becomes ADDIE, runs down, seeking the other players. She looks in the front row of seats, then climbs the Down Center Edge of the stage. She searches Left and Center and peers toward the Right. She can see none of the players. Her face and body register her realization that the others have deserted her, have played the cruel joke of ridding themselves of her by pretending to be kind. Sadly, she exits Right as music comes up, "Hail to the Chief." Lights up full onstage. CHAIRMAN and his BOARD MEMBERS are at Stage Left. The LEADER is standing, Right. Two REPORTERS kneel near the Right wing, another at Right Center. They "come alive" as LEADER speaks. Music under]*

LEADER. My fellow citizens, this evening I bring you glad tidings of great joy. As you know, we have been displeased with one facet of our national product for some time. Repeated efforts to perfect this item have failed. The product to which I refer, of course, is children. However, private industry has developed . . .

*[LEADER and REPORTERS freeze. The CHAIRMAN is standing, Left, flanked by four BOARD MEMBERS angled Down Right and Down Left from his position. They "come alive" as CHAIRMAN speaks]*

CHAIRMAN. Fellow Board Members, the fruit of seven years of research is ripe for the picking. *[Crossing toward Center]* These little honeys are revolutionary. Everybody's going to want at least one, and the exclusive manufacturing contract's right in our pocket. Ready? *[He gestures, indicating a YOUNG MAN and YOUNG WOMAN standing slightly left of Center]*

BOARD MEMBER. Great gag, G. G. Now, where's the product?

CHAIRMAN. *[Pointing again to the young man and woman]* This is it!

ANOTHER BOARD MEMBER. We're selling people?

CHAIRMAN. In a way. [*Hubbub of irate confusion. Next four lines overlap*]

BOARD MEMBER 1. I never approved this.

BOARD MEMBER 2. Neither did I.

BOARD MEMBER 3. What is this, G. G.?

BOARD MEMBER 4. When was this cleared?

CHAIRMAN. [*Settling them*] You don't recall a string of government contracts? You rubber-stamped them all.

BOARD MEMBER 2. I thought we were developing weapons! This is immoral!

BOARD MEMBER 3. Hear, hear! Bombs are fine, but now we're tampering with human life!

CHAIRMAN. Think of it as a weapon, then. In fifty years, these two won't have aged [*snapping his fingers*] that much.

BOARD MEMBER 1. What's our angle, the fountain of youth?

CHAIRMAN. You're missing the point. These are—[*pausing for effect*] synthetic human beings, perpetual people. [*Group astonishment, except for BOARD MEMBER 1*] Manufactured right down to the toenails on our assembly line. [*The BOARD is dubious*] Patented trademark—"Genofacts."

BOARD MEMBER 1. [*Disgusted*] More robots.

CHAIRMAN. [*Insulted*] Genofacts are hardly robots. Why don't you settle back and button your shoes?

[*Freeze in CHAIRMAN'S area. LEADER'S GROUP becomes animated again*]

LEADER. Families owning no standard children will be issued, without charge, a Genofact son or daughter upon proof of inoculation. A full range of skin pigments, hair colors, and ethnic features is available, of course. I will take your questions now. [*REPORTERS' hands fly up*]

REPORTERS. [*Delivered at different rates*] Sir, sir!

LEADER. [*Pointing to REPORTER 1*] Yes?

[*Freeze. Cut to CHAIRMAN'S GROUP*]

BOARD MEMBER 2. Genofacts?

CHAIRMAN. Genie, for short. [*Moving back to head of group*] Look, since creation we've borne children, trained them; then, just when they'd learned enough to do us some good, pffft! [*a "razzberry" sound*]

BOARD MEMBER. You're going to pffft [*same sound*], too, G. G.

CHAIRMAN. That's just it! [*Gesturing to male, Center*] I train my Genie the way I want things done and, in a sense, I live forever.

BOARD MEMBER 3. What's their price tag?

CHAIRMAN. They're free.

BOARD. FREE!

CHAIRMAN. [*Easing their minds*] To the people who get them. But the government slips us twenty-five grand apiece.

BOARD MEMBER 1. And our cost?

CHAIRMAN. *[Grinning broadly]* Including shipping, 816 bucks!  
*[BOARD reacts enthusiastically, heartily applauding]*

*[Freeze. Back to LEADER'S GROUP]*

REPORTER 1. *[Skeptically]* When will these "babies" be available?

LEADER. Immediately. But let me correct a word there. They are not *babies*. In the interest of efficiency, these children will arrive, postpaid, as eighteen-year-olds.

REPORTER 1. Eighteen-year-old children?

LEADER. It's the perfect system. No infancy, dependency, or puberty. All have a high school education and a complete knowledge of Basic Combat Training. Obviously, our peacekeeping strike force will blossom.

REPORTERS. Sir, sir! *[He points to Reporter 2]*

*[Freeze. Back to CHAIRMAN'S GROUP]*

CHAIRMAN. *[Gesturing for BOARD MEMBERS to be seated]* I told you if we put a little cash behind our boy at election time, he'd take care of us. *[Gesturing to Center bodies]* Millions of these sweeties will be in private homes nationwide within a year. We'll keep a few here at the plant after a while, of course.

BOARD MEMBER 2. With that mark-up? I say peddle them all.

CHAIRMAN. You're missing a bet. We teach them to run the factory and our costs drop by half. Oh, they've gotta eat, but we can always grind up the rejects and feed them to the others.

*[Freeze. Cut to LEADER]*

REPORTER 2. *[Very dubious]* What's this "inoculation" business?

LEADER. A simple immunization shot will liberate women from the fertility problem permanently. Happily, the inoculation also exterminates any standard children already in production. Free clinics will open in the morning and special prizes will be awarded to early immunees. The program is entirely voluntary, of course—*[low volume]* for the moment.

REPORTERS. Sir, sir! *[He points to another]*

*[Freeze. Cut to BOARD]*

BOARD MEMBER 3. How about a demonstration, G. G.?

CHAIRMAN. *[Gesturing the pair to him]* Certainly. I've been working with, ahem, G. G. Jr. here. *[BOARD reacts jovially. The BOY leaves the girl and crosses to Chairman, extending his hand, wearing a broad, mock-sincere grin. He is a frighteningly real phony]*

GGJR. Hi, Dad.

CHAIRMAN. This . . . is the Board. *[Moving toward Down Left, between two Board Members]* Some of these guys will be slaving for you one day, son.

GGJR. *[Chillingly warm]* It's really swell to meet you fellas. I'm

planning to work hard, hard, hard and struggle my way to the top, just as Dad did.

ANOTHER BOARD MEMBER. Gonna marry money, are you, kid?

*[All laugh, GGJr exaggeratedly, CHAIRMAN with barely covered bitterness. Freeze. Cut to LEADER]*

REPORTER 3. *[Questioning the system]* What do you mean, “proof” of inoculation?

LEADER. Oh, there’ll be no need for paperwork or credentials. The vaccination leaves a tiny red mark about the size of *[mumbling]* a grapefruit. *[Rushing to next question, pointing to Reporter 1]* Yes?

*[Freeze. Cut to BOARD]*

GGJR. Now I’d like you to meet—the little woman. *[The girl Genie, PEG, moves sweetly to him and takes his arm]*

PEG. *[Incredibly wifely and syrupy, a Southern belle]* Good mawnin’, everybody. I hope y’all can come to dinnah real soon. Ah’m gettin’ so much bettah in the kitchen.

GGJR. *[With a broad wink to the Board]* That’s for sure.

PEG. *[Burying her face in his shoulder]* Oh, G., you embarrass me.

BOARD MEMBER. *[Enthusiastically, to Chairman]* Are all the girls like this one?

CHAIRMAN. Girls, boys, they’re any way you want—within the bounds of good military/industrial taste, of course.

BOARD MEMBER. Alimony, here I come.

CHAIRMAN. *[Crossing to GGJr and Peg]* Certain safeguards are programmed in, naturally, to protect them from the elements—the liberal element, the free-thinking element, the religious-fanatic element. Beyond that, train away!

*[Freeze. Cut to LEADER]*

REPORTER 1. Why may only childless couples receive Genofacts?

LEADER. *[Only seeming to answer]* Families owning natural offspring may keep them, if they insist, but *[a selling feature]* no new and improved children will be issued in these cases. Standards will be exchangeable for Genies at an early date, but this system is still sketchy, particularly in the area of disposal.

*[Irate questioners rise, but . . . freeze, cut to BOARD]*

CHAIRMAN. *[Dismissing GGJr and PEG]* See you later, kids. *[As they exit, Left]* Imagine it. A prefabricated, right-thinking voter and consumer in every family. You’ll see things going our way *mucho pronto*.

BOARD MEMBER 3. It’s genius, G. G. *[BOARD MEMBERS pull their hypodermic needles and “light” them like cigars]*

CHAIRMAN. I believe a bit of a celebration is in order. *[Pressing an intercom button on the “table”]* Prissy, champagne for everybody, and *[looking about for expected approval]* one complimentary Genie for

each Board Member. [*CHAIRMAN pulls out and starts to light his own "cigar"*]

*[Freeze for a final cut to LEADER]*

REPORTERS. Sir, sir!

LEADER. Sorry, we're almost out of time. Let me close by saying, "Our national dream is a mere pinprick from coming true, my fellow citizens." Tomorrow morning, won't you make it a reality?

*[Mechanical music up. The ensemble becomes the assembly line in the Genofactory. Three ENSEMBLE MEMBERS become lumps of raw material Down Right Center and three more become lumps Down Left Center. Another becomes a standing time clock, Up Center, arms extended at angles to left and right. Five workers, including ETHAN and ADDIE, arrive and clock in, pulling a card from a rack above the "clock," punching in on the time clock, placing the card in another rack below the "clock," then forming an assembly line across the Center area. The Center WORKER raises both arms, then lowers them, as if turning on a huge machine. The WORKER at each end forms two arms from a lump. (LUMPS are seated, heads down, legs crossed lotus-style, if possible. When arms are pulled out, the bodies are tipped forward so they can drag themselves to the next point.) The LUMP drags itself toward Center, to the next worker. This WORKER forms the legs. Each GENOFACT rises to a standing position and is given a "breath of life" (from a hose applied to the back) by the Center WORKER. When life strikes, each GENIE stretches, then moves toward Up Right to form part of a gossiping crowd. All goes well, lumps nicely becoming Genies, until a DEFORMED GENOFACT arrives at the Center Worker. One arm contorts at a funny angle, a leg is strangely twisted, and the face wears a weird expression. The Center WORKER stops the machinery. GENIES-IN-PROGRESS halt and all WORKERS look toward Center. The Center WORKER calls for a vote. All WORKERS look appraisingly at the imperfect product, then one by one put thumbs down. The Center WORKER tumbles the reject upstage behind her and starts the machinery again. As the run is finished, a noon whistle blows and the WORKERS move toward the apron, carrying lunch boxes. WORKERS 1, 2, and 3 move to Down Left. ADDIE and ETHAN settle at Down Right. The mob of GENOFACTS starts to move off Left, but one points to the fallen reject. All agree to his idea and lunge at the reject and start to nibble on him hungrily. Lights down Center and Left]*

WORKER 1. [*Disgusted at his lunch*] Anybody for a sardine sandwich?

WORKER 2. Sardines?

WORKER 1. Ah, it's my own fault. I said, "Madge, we don't buy another scrap of food until that pantry's empty."



WORKER 3. Looks like the supermarket tonight, Charlie.

WORKER 1. Or ice-cubes-on-rye tomorrow. [*Peering enviously at Worker 2's sandwich*] Hey, ham and swiss.

WORKER 2. [*Holding the sandwich clear of him*] Forget it. Pretend you're a seal or something.

WORKER 1. [*Flapping his arms, seal barking*] Uhn, uhn!

WORKER 3. Charlie, you're a card. [*WORKER 1 nods, biting his sandwich*]

WORKER 2. [*With no respect for Genies*] If you were a Genofact, you wouldn't be so picky.

WORKER 1. [*Reflecting*] No, thanks. [*Holding his sardine sandwich up like a torch*] Give me sardines or give me death! [*Switching to racial slurs*] I'm just glad we're all legit on this shift. [*Distastefully*] A few Genies are working night side.

WORKER 3. Yeah?

WORKER 1. [*Sarcastically*] Ain't it great to see the Union protecting your interests?

WORKER 2. [*Regarding Ethan and Addie, Right*] What's up over there?

WORKER 1. [*Smiling sweetly, clasping his sandwich to his breast like a bouquet*] Don'tcha know? It's luuuuuuv!

WORKER 2. [*Reflecting unhappily on the invention of Genofacts*] There's less and less point in that any more. I don't know how long I can stay with this job. How do I tell my kids I spend every day replacing them?

WORKER 1. A job's a job.

WORKER 3. [*Shop talk*] Hey, did you notice the fingers on this new model? Long, slender, work like crazy.

WORKER 1. [*Mimicking a socialite*] Oh, Marchbanks, do you think he'll be a pianist? [*WORKER 2 laughs*]

WORKER 3. Go ahead, kid about it. Why not a pianist? Or a typist, maybe? I'm glad we're getting detail like that.

WORKER 1. [*As himself, finally*] What's it good for? Me, I like the big stuff—strong arms and legs. Helps 'em work hard, run bases. [*Disparaging*] Fingers!

WORKER 3. Fingers are more important than you think, Charlie.

WORKER 1. Yeah? For what?

WORKER 3. How'd you ever clean your nose out?

[*WORKERS 2 and 3 laugh as 1 gives 3 a push. They drop to mimed conversation and a bit of roughhouse as lights fade in this area and come up Down Right*]

ADDIE. [*The middle of a conversation*] It doesn't bother you at all?

ETHAN. Bother me?

ADDIE. I keep wondering exactly what we're turning out. There's this lump and I twist some plastic on it and move it down the line. Along the way, it's not a lump any more. Maybe.