

In The Beginning
(A slightly irreverent look at Creation)

A comedy

by

JohnMc

Cast (in order of appearance)

The Great Designer	- Male, age unspecified
The Great Creator	- Female, age unspecified
Adam	- Male, age unspecified
Eve	- Female, age unspecified

SCENE 1

Curtains open on a stage in blackout. "Sunrise" from "Also Sprach Zarathustra" plays. Spotlight fade up on white side of disc of creation. Disc begins to spin slowly. disc speed up until white and yellow blur into one colour. Blackout

Thunder claps and lightning flashes. blackout.

Fade up lights. the great designer is working at a large drawing board/table stage left. There are rolls of drawing paper on the floor and on the drawing board/table. He is concentrating on his sketches and does not see the Great Creator enter stage left.

CREATOR: *(Looking over the Great Designer's shoulder)* What are you up to dear?

DESIGNER: Just an idea for a new creature for my latest planet.

CREATOR: You mean *our* latest planet, don't you?

DESIGNER: Well, yes I suppose. But it is *My* design.

CREATOR: Yes, it is. And a lovely design it is too, but...

DESIGNER: There you go. So it is *My* planet, really.

CREATOR: *(A little irritated)* If you would let me finish. I was going to add that it wouldn't be a planet without my superior abilities and creative talent.

DESIGNER: Yes, but there wouldn't be any planets if it weren't for my outstanding designs.

CREATOR: *(Walking away)* Outstanding! Is that what you call it?

DESIGNER: *(Walking towards her)* Yes, outstanding. I'd like to see you do better.

CREATOR: Oh, come on! I think I could have done better than some of your other attempts. What were you thinking of when you drew up that massive brown thing that nearly crashed into the sun? I had to move it so far away you can hardly see it.

DESIGNER: But it has got some lovely moons.

CREATOR: But what's the point of that? And what about that drab little red one? It's just sand!

DESIGNER: I've been developing. I was trying different things. You have to admit this latest one is quite something.

CREATOR: Well, yes. It is your best so far. Bigger of a job to create though. Those... what did you call them? (PAUSE) Oh, yes. Fjords. They were so intricate. I nearly gave up on them.

DESIGNER: I've called it earth, by the way.

CREATOR: What?

DESIGNER: The latest planet. I've called it earth

CREATOR: Earth? A bit plain for something with so many bright colours.

DESIGNER: Well, can you think of a better name?

CREATOR: I think Gaia would be nice.

DESIGNER: Yes, you would. Anyway, I'm glad you didn't give up on the fjords. You did a beautiful job. *(He puts an affectionate arm around her)*

CREATOR: Oh, thank you. You can be so sweet at times. *(She leans her head against his chest)* You know what my favourite bits are?

DESIGNER: *(Pompously)* No. Do tell.

CREATOR: *(Pushing him away)* You know, you can be so pompous at times.

DESIGNER: Yes, I know. But do tell me what your favourite bits are.

CREATOR: Those massive waterfalls. There aren't many of them but they are so beautiful.

(The Great Creator walks back to the drawing board and examines the latest drawings)

DESIGNER: Yes. I'm quite proud of them myself. Not too many but just enough to make it interesting, don't you think.

CREATOR: Mmm.

DESIGNER: You're not listening, are you?

CREATOR: Of course you are, dear.

DESIGNER: What are you thinking about?

CREATOR: Isn't pride a sin, by the way.

DESIGNER: What?

CREATOR: You said that you are quite proud of it.

DESIGNER: Oh, I see. Goodness, no! Not for me anyway. No, I'm not going to drop that little bombshell for quite a few million years yet.

CREATOR: What's a bombshell?

DESIGNER: I've no idea. Just a word that popped into my head. I must make a note of it for future use. *(He pulls a notepad and pencil from under his robes and scribbles some notes)*. But you're avoiding my question

CREATOR: What was that, dear?

DESIGNER: You were staring at my drawings, thinking.

CREATOR: Oh, just these new creatures you're working on.

DESIGNER: Yes. What about them.

CREATOR: Oh, nothing.

DESIGNER: When you look like that, it's not nothing.

CREATOR: It's just (BEAT) Well, (BEAT) erm...

DESIGNER: Oh, come on. Don't stand there stuttering at me. Spit it out.

CREATOR: Well, most of the others haven't been hugely successful, have they?

DESIGNER: What ever do you mean?

CREATOR: Well, they keep, sort of, (BEAT) eating each other.

DESIGNER: Admittedly, there have been a few hiccoughs here and there.

CREATOR: Here and there! I spend most of my days nipping out to make some more.

DESIGNER: Yes, well, I'm sure I'll smooth out those kinks eventually

CREATOR: Don't you think you should be working on ironing out those kinks now instead of trying to design new creatures.

DESIGNER: What's ironing?

CREATOR: What?

DESIGNER: You said I should be working on *ironing* out those kinks.

CREATOR: Oh, did I? No idea.

DESIGNER: You don't mind if I make a note of that then, do you?

CREATOR: Of course not, dear. (BEAT) Anyway, you avoided my question.

DESIGNER: (*Writing in his notebook again*) I've tried, but I can't think of anything.

CREATOR: You could find some way of automating production, so I don't have to spend so much time replenishing stock.

DESIGNER: Sounds like an idea. (*He gently moves her away from the drawing board*) Let me know if you think of anything. (*He returns his notebook to his robes and picks up a pencil to start drawing*) Meanwhile, I must get on.

CREATOR: I mean,(BEAT) I've just been, (BEAT) well...

DESIGNER: You're doing it again.

CREATOR: What?

DESIGNER: Stuttering and spluttering. Just say what's on your mind.

CREATOR: Well, to tell you the truth...

DESIGNER: Truth?

CREATOR: Yes, truth. As opposed to, erm... (BEAT) Oh, dear. What do you call it when you say something has happened that hasn't or you say you've done something and you haven't?

DESIGNER: No Idea, I never do it. Just forget I asked. (*He takes out his notebook and pen again*)

CREATOR: Well, I've been worried about your designs ever since that incident with the dinosaurs.

DESIGNER: Now come on. That was your fault.

CREATOR: My fault? How was I supposed to know you hadn't equipped them to survive when it went dark and all the vegetation died out?

DESIGNER: And what caused it to go dark and all the vegetation to die out?

CREATOR: Erm... A massive dust cloud.

DESIGNER: Yes. (BEAT) And what caused the massive (*making quote marks with his fingers*) dust cloud?

CREATOR: A big lump of rock hitting the planet.

DESIGNER: So who threw the rock?

CREATOR: Well, you made me angry!

DESIGNER: Never could control that temper of yours.

CREATOR: Look on the bright side. Look at the beautiful moon I created.

DESIGNER: Beautiful? When you called my little red planet *Drab*. And have you seen the gaping big hole that's left?

CREATOR: No-one will notice, it's filled up with water now.

DESIGNER: That's not the point. Anyway, there isn't anyone to notice it, there's only us.

CREATOR: Well, there you go then. What are you worried about?

DESIGNER: but...

CREATOR: Anyway, dear, tell me about your new design.

DESIGNER: Oh well, (*Standing upright and smiling*) I'm going to make them in a variety of colours. I think I'll try various shades of brown, some shades of pink...

CREATOR: Pink! You are seriously considering pink fur?

DESIGNER: Oh, goodness no. I mean pink skin.

CREATOR: What's the point of that when it'll be covered in fur.

DESIGNER: Ah, well that's going to be the novelty aspect. This one won't have fur.

CREATOR: What, no fur. Completely bald. Another dinosaur?

DESIGNER: No. Not completely. I'm going to put some patches of fur on them. Come to think of it, you just gave me another idea.

CREATOR: What's that?

DESIGNER: I'll design some with no fur at all. Completely naked.

CREATOR: Oh, come on. How will they keep warm?

DESIGNER: Oh, I'll think of that another time. Anyway, do you want to know the beauty of this design?

CREATOR: Go on. What is it?

DESIGNER: It'll only have two legs.

CREATOR: Not another one! (BEAT) Well don't expect me to make this lot for you.

DESIGNER: What? (BEAT) Why?

CREATOR: You've tried it before and it didn't work. Look at what happened with the bears. They were supposed to walk on two legs.

DESIGNER: You made them too heavy.

CREATOR: I only followed your drawings.

DESIGNER: You misread my figures.

CREATOR: How was I supposed to know it was a doodle of a smiley face and not another zero? And what about all those apes?

DESIGNER: They walk upright.

CREATOR: Only when they feel like. Most of the times they amble around dragging their knuckles on the ground.

DESIGNER: You know, I've had enough of your negativity. I'm going find somewhere to do this in peace and quiet.*(He rolls up his drawing, puts it under his arm and exits stage left)*

CREATOR: Where are you going?

DESIGNER: *(OFF)* Somewhere safe from your criticisms. (PAUSE) *(He returns to stage)* By the way, what's *Bugger*?

CREATOR: How on your earth should I know?

DESIGNER: Oh, very good. *(exit stage left)* Ask a stupid question...

BLACK-OUT.

SCENE 2

Fade up lights. SFX – sound of surf rolling in. The Great Designer enters from stage-right and sits on the rock. He spreads his drawings on the ground and weighs them down with a couple of small rocks. He looks around as if searching for something specific

DESIGNER: *(Suddenly inspired)* Ah, I know what I need.

(Exits, stage right. There are a few grunts. The Great Designer returns with a small branch from an oak- tree)

DESIGNER: *(To someone off-stage right)* Sorry about that, but this is just what I need.

(Sits back down on the rock. He breaks a 12” piece off the branch and begins to whittle the end into a point with a piece of flint)

CREATOR: *(Enters stage left, unseen by The Great Designer and addresses the rest of creation [audience])* There he is. He thinks he can get away from me. He thinks he can just hide somewhere to work without me seeing. He always manages to forget that I am as all-seeing as he is.

(She walks over to him and stands behind him. He is now drawing with the pointed stick on the ground)

DESIGNER: *(To the rest of creation)* At last I can work in peace. She’ll never find me here.

CREATOR: *(To the rest of creation)* He thinks I’m stupid, you know. He thinks he’s the only one that can be creative. He actually believes that he’s so brilliant that no-one else could design like him.

DESIGNER: *(To the rest of creation)* Do you know she doesn’t give me any credit for my brilliance. She has this idea that all this design and calculation work is totally unnecessary. **“Planning is for those who can’t do the job themselves,”** she says. Well I know that I am the only one that can do this. I’m unique.

CREATOR: *(To the rest of creation)* He does all this drawing and planning and expects me just to be able to follow his instructions. Just like that. *(She clicks her fingers)* He actually thinks he could replace me with one of his creatures. He had the cheek to tell me, a few centuries ago, that a monkey could do my job.

DESIGNER: *(To the rest of creation)* **The Great Creator** she calls herself. Well I’m the one that creates. She just follows my instructions. Even a monkey could do her job.

CREATOR: *(To the rest of creation)* Well, I showed him, didn’t I? *(Bending over to talk to the unhearing Designer)* I showed you didn’t I. *(To the rest of creation).* I gave his design for a dessert horse to a committee of chimpanzees. Look what happened. It ended up with lumps all over the place and these dreadful clumps of matted fur.

DESIGNER: *(To the rest of creation)* She tried to prove her point one century and let a troupe of chimpanzees make my dessert horse. They did a great job. They even made some improvements.

CREATOR: *(To the rest of creation)* And don't even get me started on what they did with the platypus.

DESIGNER: *(To the rest of creation)* I must admit, they did screw up the Platypus a little bit. To be fair though, they had eaten quite a lot of fermented bananas at the time.

CREATOR: *(To the rest of the Great Designer)* What are you doing with this new two legged creature *(She walks over to the drawings and bends down to inspect them)* , I wonder.

DESIGNER: *(To the rest of creation)* She doesn't even look at my designs properly before criticising. If only she'd just study them, she'd see the beauty in them.

CREATOR: *(To the rest of creation)* You know, this one looks as though it might make it. It actually looks quite (BEAT) beautiful. *(Pointing with her thumb)* I wouldn't tell him though. Wouldn't want him to get too big headed. He already thinks he's omnipotent.

DESIGNER: *(Standing and looking from his dirt drawing to his paper drawings and back again)* Well, I think that's about it. All that's left now is to draw it up properly and get it made.

:

(The great designer puts down the sharpened stick, rolls up his drawings and begins to leave the stage. He returns to his dirt drawing and stares at it. He gives a satisfied grin before exiting stage right)

CREATOR: *(She walks back to the dirt drawing and looks at it. She addresses the rest of creation)* Yes. This one's quite good. It may even walk on its legs instead of its hands. *(Sudden realisation)* Oh, no! He's on his way back. *(Exit stage left)*

BLACK-OUT.