

ADAM: I loved them both!

EVE: And so did I . . . and now we've lost them both! (sobs)

ADAM: How did it happen? How did things come about to end this way?

EVE: Who really killed Abel? Who killed Cain?

(They look at one another. The stage gradually becomes darker while the volcano is lit up with a red glow. Wind blows. The volcano begins to erupt)

ADAM: No! Oh no, no! (He covers his head with his prayer shawl and sinks to the ground) Oh NO!

(Eve stares at him, then understanding comes to her and she gives a piercing shriek and drops to the ground, covering her head. They cower on the ground as the volcano rumbles and the winds blow.)

CURTAIN

SHY

John D. Wilson, Jr.

I sit alone in mute contemplation,
Thoughts of her, captive within consciousness,
While passion lingers on into oblivion,
Her love was captured by capriciousness.

I look upon remembrances of her caress,
Oblique as they are few and far-between,
As fading spirits; I am deserved of less,
Eros' fields, I am not content to glean.

I alone remain, without having seen,
Romance was not to occupy my time,
Distant, yet alluring; she is quite keen,
Not allowing me the pleasure most sublime.

Yet alone I sit, silent thought submerged,
Within the realm, my hope shall not be purged.