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450 Seventh Ave, Suite 809  
New York, NY 10123

toll-free phone: 1-866-NEW-PLAY  
email: [info@playscripts.com](mailto:info@playscripts.com)  
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*I would like to dedicate Rhythm and Rhyme to everyone who helped me to be who I am today. I would especially like to thank: My dad, Howie, whose passion for storytelling, sense of humor and endless love helped me to write stories of my own; My mom, Linda, who loves me unconditionally and who inspired my love of theater; My sister, Julie, who is a friend to laugh with and somebody I can always trust to share the good times and the bad; All of my friends and family who share their love with me and help me realize my dreams.*

*Thank you all.*

## **Cast of Characters**

MOTHER NATURE

FATHER TIME

GOD

VENUS

MERCURY

MOON

EARTH

JUPITER

MARS

SATURN

URANUS

PLUTO

CAIN

ABEL

NOAH

SOLDIER

WORKER

# RHYTHM AND RHYME

## by Lily Dwoskin

### Scene One: Mother Nature's house

*(The scene opens as MOTHER NATURE is sitting and knitting in an old wooden rocking chair on Stage Right. She is in her tree house, a permanent set. To the left and upstage of the chair is a desk and rolling chair with an old typewriter and an old telephone on the desk. A screen is on the wall behind it. On the screen is a picture of a dying rose. To the left of the desk, slightly angled in, is a worn out sofa with a brown blanket and some green pillows. Everything is dull brown and green colors. The lights on Stage Left are dimmed. On Stage Left is a podium with a set of folding chairs with an aisle down the middle. FATHER TIME walks in Stage Right to find MOTHER NATURE still in her rocking chair. They both look and act around 25 years old, however, they have been alive for millions of years because they do not age. This scene starts with tension but no yelling unless indicated.)*

**FATHER.** Are you still sitting here?

**MOTHER.** *(She looks up for a second then looks back down.)* What does it look like I'm doing?

**FATHER.** *(He moves as he is saying this line and goes to sit down on the rolling chair.)* You know, there are other things to do besides sitting on your 10,000-year-old rocking chair and knitting a sweater that no-one will ever use.

**MOTHER.** *(Without looking up:)* Why should you care who wears my sweater? Why should you care about anything I do? My work is done, over. You need to move on.

**FATHER.** Because I care about you. Yes, your work is done, it's been done for a long time. You were Mother Nature. Now you've got to be something else. You need to move on. There's plenty of things to do. Get out of the tree house.

**MOTHER.** *(Looking around:)* This old thing? *(Turning her focus to FATHER TIME:)* It used to be a tree house. Now it's a rickety old shack on top of the only tree left on this planet. *(Throwing her knitting down and standing up:)* Look, I don't see how you can stand there and tell

me that I should do something other than the work that God assigned me.

**FATHER.** (*Walking to her:*) Times have changed, Mother.

**MOTHER.** (*Crossing in front of him to Center. Increasing anger as the line goes on:*) Time?...you would know time, wouldn't you? Father time, that's you. The man that single-handedly drove my Earth into oblivion! (*Looks away.*) Don't you have clocks to make?

**FATHER.** (*Walking to meet her:*) You hate my clocks.

**MOTHER.** (*Turning around to face him. Taking her anger out at him:*) Yes! They're made from the wood of my fallen trees and glass that was blown with my fire! That clock that you make kills me, and for what? To let the human race know the time? Why should they know? They don't deserve to!

**FATHER.** (*Yelling:*) Oh, now you're going too far!

**MOTHER.** Too far? I created them! That was the worst mistake I ever made! They abused their stay on my planet.

**FATHER.** Yes, you created them, then...this?

**MOTHER.** (*As she walks to her rocking chair and picks up her knitting:*) Don't even say it! (*Sits down and begins to rock.*)

**FATHER.** (*As he walks over to her:*) I can't take this negativity anymore! I know you think your place in this world is dead. (*Kneels down beside the chair and looks up at her. She does not return his gaze.*) It's not! You're not dead, Mother. Nature is not dead!

**MOTHER.** (*Looks at him.*) Yes it is.

**FATHER.** (*Stares into her eyes and stands up looking down at her.*) You know what? You're right. You're dead, and everything you've ever stood for is dead.

**MOTHER.** Please leave.

**FATHER.** Fine, Mother, I'll leave, I'll leave and I won't come back if that's what you want. I would go to the ends of the Universe for you.

(*MOTHER NATURE looks away. FATHER TIME sighs. Next line to the audience but intended for her ears:*)

**FATHER.**

Mother Nature and Father Time

One gives the Rhythm the other the Rhyme...

*(She still does not return his gaze. He sighs. Last line to MOTHER NATURE:)*

I love you.

*(A moment of silence. FATHER TIME watches MOTHER NATURE despite the fact that she is facing away from him. He sighs and leaves the room.)*

**MOTHER.** I love you too.

*(MOTHER NATURE turns around and watches him go, puts down her knitting, and walks over to the corner of the room. She looks around and pulls out a box. She opens the box. Inside is a rose. She smells the rose.)*

Just as I remembered you. You're the first life I ever created.

### **Scene Two: The meeting house**

*(The time changes to the time the Universe was created. It is portrayed as a flashback. The light dims on the tree house and brightens on the meeting house. On the screen, the picture changes to that of a live rose. GOD enters from Stage Left and stands behind the podium, dressed in a white suit. Next the nine planets enter and take the seats along the aisles, VENUS and MERCURY are closest to the audience. Next the SUN and the MOON enter and take their seats. Last, the rest of the MOONS enter and take their seats. It is the time of the creation of the Universe. GOD is holding a meeting to assign jobs for the creation of His Universe. GOD tries to calm the talking crowd down. GOD looks and acts around 30 years old. He is the type to make it known that he is in charge but to give the responsibility to everybody else. Intended as comic relief. Does not mature until the end of the play.)*

**GOD.** Thank you all for coming today. I know you all have a lot going on...

(GOD pantomimes his speech as MOTHER NATURE and FATHER TIME are having their conversation outside the meeting house Stage Left. Outside the meeting house MOTHER NATURE is running late and gets locked outside.)

**MOTHER.** Great, just what I need.

(She bangs on the door but nobody hears her. FATHER TIME walks up. They are both outside the meeting house.)

**FATHER.** Locked out?

**MOTHER.** Yes, I...

(FATHER TIME holds up a key and then unlocks the door. He gestures inside.)

**MOTHER.** (Finds herself falling for him:) Thank you.

**FATHER.** No problem.

(GOD notices them coming in.)

**GOD.** What did you say, Mr. Time?

(Everybody simultaneously turns around to see who is coming in.)

**FATHER.** Nothing God.

**GOD.** Good then take a seat. You as well, Miss Nature.

**FATHER.** Miss?

(She shows him her finger. There is no ring.)

Right.

(They sit next to each other in the very last row.)

**VENUS.** (Whispering to MERCURY:) They're always late to these things! It's so ridiculous, I have a life and I don't want to spend the entirety of it here.

**MERCURY.** You're right. Don't they have any respect for the rest of us?

**VENUS.** You'd think Father Time, of all people, would be on time.

(VENUS and MERCURY snicker.)

**GOD.** (*Addressing all:*) Excuse me, can I have your attention please? (*A pause.*) Thank you, as I was saying, I was in my room last night and I had an extraordinary idea. You all know the vast nothingness I created all those years ago?

(*All nod in frustrated remembrance.*)

Well that wasn't my best idea, I mean what am I going to do with an infinite amount of nothing? So, I was thinking we could turn all that nothing into something.

**MOON.** Is he going somewhere with this?

**SUN.** I don't know but he'd better. (*Beat.*) Hey, wouldn't it be nice if this involved some new jobs, I've been out of work forever.

**MOON.** Don't sweat it, none of us have worked since the last millennium when God decided he wanted us to create the (*Air quotes:*) "big bang." That was the biggest waste of my time.

**SUN.** Yeah, I know.

**GOD.** Look at this. (*He unveils a picture of the solar system on an art easel Stage Left of the podium that had been covered. Everyone rolls their eyes and whispers in annoyance.*) Yes, yes, I know...exciting right. But just wait. I have the answer to our cosmic unemployment problem. You all have a specific job in the creation of the Solar System. That's what I've decided to call this phenomenon.

**SUN.** (*Raising her hand:*) Exactly what is a "Solar System"?

**GOD.** It's a system of nine planets and their moons all revolving around one star.

**SUN.** (*Not interested:*) Oh.

**GOD.** That star will be run by you, the Sun.

**SUN.** (*Suddenly excited:*) Wow, that's like so cool!

**GOD.** (*Mocking:*) I'm glad you like think so. (*SUN sits back in her chair, angry at his comment. His voice is back to normal:*) Now for the planet assignments. The first is Mercury.

**MERCURY.** (*Surprised:*) Me?

**GOD.** Yes, you'll run that planet. Then, Venus.

**VENUS.** Totally awesome, Dude!

**GOD.** Next is Earth.

**EARTH.** (*Sarcastically:*) Third planet's the charm.

**GOD.** Mars?

**MARS.** Can my planet be a dusty red color?

**GOD.** (*French accent:*) But of course. (*Normal voice:*) Jupiter is next.

**JUPITER.** (*Toughly:*) I love storms, can my planet have a storm, a big storm?

**GOD.** Whatever you want. Saturn?

**SATURN.** Could I have rings around my planet? I've always liked to spin.

**GOD.** Why not? Uranus?

**URANUS.** Cool. (*Beat:*) Wait, you named my planet Uranus?

**GOD.** There had to be something humorous in this creating the Universe business. Neptune?

**NEPTUNE.** (*With a salute:*) I accept.

**GOD.** Good. Finally, Pluto.

**PLUTO.** (*Shyly:*) Me?

**GOD.** I think the youth in this world could use the responsibility. Is that alright with you, Pluto?

**PLUTO.** (*Flustered:*) Yes, thank you, Sir.

**GOD.** Each planet will have a number of moons. Who here is a moon?

(*All MOONS raise their hands.*)

**GOD.** (*Pointing:*) Ok...all of you are with Jupiter, you with Uranus, that bunch of you over there with Saturn, you with Neptune, and Pluto is too small for moons.

**MARS.** What about me?

**GOD.** I don't have enough moons to give to all the planets. Sorry.

**EARTH.** And me?

**GOD.** Which moons are left?

**MOON.** Me.

**GOD.** Good, you'll be Earth's one moon.

*(MARS gives EARTH a dirty look.)*

Now, I have decided to award the ultimate prize to one of the planets. This is a treasure, known as life, all kinds of diverse life.

**MERCURY.** What's life?

**GOD.** Well it's...um...it's...um...well, you'll see.

**PLUTO.** Which planet?

**GOD.** I'm leaving that decision to the caretaker of the Solar System, and the one who will create life, Mother Nature.

*(All applaud.)*

**MOTHER.** I'm so flattered.

**GOD.** Do you accept?

**MOTHER.** Yes...I—

**GOD.** (*Interrupting her:*) Good. Now things can't stay the same forever, can they? So Father Time will keep things moving by the second.

**FATHER.** You know I will.

**URANUS.** Yeah, If you can remember to be on TIME!

*(All snicker.)*

**GOD.** Well that's everybody. We'll get the details worked out later, for now, everybody get started. Meeting adjourned.

*(There is scurrying around as everybody begins to make plans to begin their new work. All exit Stage Left except MOTHER NATURE and FATHER TIME who exit Stage Right. MOTHER NATURE grabs FATHER TIME and drags him off.)*

### **Scene Three: Mother Nature's house**

*(Light dims on meeting house. The chairs, podium and display are cleared. The light brightens on the tree house.)*

**FATHER.** Why did you drag me in here? I have things to do, I have to create a time frame for the entire solar system.

**MOTHER.** I was thinking we could work together. Mother Nature and Father Time?

**FATHER.** I'll give the Rhythm.

**MOTHER.** And I'll give the Rhyme.

**FATHER.** That's good, I'll buy that. When do we start?

**MOTHER.** Right now. Now we need some sort of basic structure.

**FATHER.** You're right. God said to create life, that's a difficult thing to do. I mean, how are we going to create life in every form?

**MOTHER.** *(Talking more to herself than FATHER TIME:)* A circle. Everything will be connected.

**FATHER.** How?

**MOTHER.** *(Still talking to herself:)* All forms of life will be connected to one source of life.

**FATHER.** How is the source going to live?

**MOTHER.** *(Still talking to herself:)* It won't. It won't be alive. I'm thinking...some sort of liquid.

**FATHER.** Wait a second, let me write this down, this is good. *(He runs and grabs a notepad and pencil from the desk Upstage Center.)*

**MOTHER.** *(Still to herself:)* A liquid, clear, pure...and the basic life will spring out of that liquid.

**FATHER.** So this liquid is all powerful?

**MOTHER.** *(Finally to FATHER TIME:)* No, just life giving.

**FATHER.** A selfless, life giving liquid?

**MOTHER.** Selfless. That is the whole reason it's not alive. It doesn't feel selfless. It doesn't feel anything. It just gives. It gives life.

**FATHER.** Ok, so what do we call this life giving liquid.

**MOTHER.** Water...it's called water.

*(Blackout.)*

#### **Scene Four: In God's office**

*(God's office is set where the meeting house was. There is a large polished wood desk in the center of the set and a small wooden chair on Stage Left of the desk.)*

**GOD.** *(Wearing a white bowling shirt and shoes, sitting at desk:)* Explain this cycle to me again.

**MOTHER.** Well everything starts with water.

**GOD.** The liquid, yes, yes, go on.

**MOTHER.** The plants take the water through their roots, some components of the air, light from the sun, and nutrients from the soil to create energy to sustain themselves. The small creatures feed on those plants, and the larger creatures feed on the smaller creatures and when the larger creatures die, their bodies are decomposed by something I like to call bacteria, which takes all that nutrients back into the soil. This is necessary for the plants' survival and the cycle starts all over again.

**GOD.** I like the idea, but why should you make so much water if only the plants need it?

**MOTHER.** All creatures will need it. Creatures of every level of the food chain will need it to drink, and others will need it to breath.

**GOD.** Which will need it to breath?

**MOTHER.** The fish.

**GOD.** This plan sounds fool-proof. Now, if you will excuse me, I have to go kick some intergalactic butt in bowling.

**MOTHER.** *(Standing up:)* Good luck and thank you. I'll get to work straight away.

**GOD.** See that you do.

*(She exits the office and goes Downstage Left where FATHER TIME is waiting for her. GOD is gathering his things getting ready for the bowling match.)*

**FATHER.** So...?

**MOTHER.** He likes our plan!

**FATHER.** Great! But really, I didn't do anything.

**MOTHER.** Hey, if it weren't for your nitpicky questions we wouldn't have all the details worked out.

**FATHER.** True, true.

**MOTHER.** Well I have a lot of work to do. I mean, water, that is a big job.

**FATHER.** Good.

*(She runs off Stage Right.)*

God I love that woman!

*(At the same time, GOD walks out of the office still wearing his white bowling shirt and shoes and carrying a white bowling ball. He is on his way to the bowling tournament.)*

**GOD.** Why do I need to know that?

FATHER. Sorry...yeah.

(FATHER TIME exits Stage Right.)

GOD. Well I am confused.

(GOD exits Stage Left.)

### Scene Five: Mother's house

*(Lights dim on God's office and that set is cleared. Lights rise on the tree house. A model of the solar system is next to the typewriter. MOTHER NATURE walks on from Stage Right carrying a bowl of water. FATHER TIME is asleep on the couch.)*

MOTHER. *(Tired but excited:)* I did it...it took me all night, but I did it! This is the selfless, life-giving liquid, water.

*(She pulls a dead stem off the desk next to the typewriter.)*

This plant cannot live unless it sucks in the water.

*(She dips the bottom of the stem in the water. The rose buds and then blooms.)*

It's alive! I did it, it's alive!

*(FATHER TIME is still asleep on the couch. MOTHER NATURE runs over and wakes him up.)*

FATHER. *(Angry that she woke him up:)* What?!

MOTHER. I did it!

FATHER. You did what?

MOTHER. I made water!

FATHER. You did? That's great let me see.

MOTHER. Look. *(She holds out the bowl of water.)*

FATHER. You are truly amazing!

*(He kisses her. At first it is awkward and then it grows more comfortable. He takes the bowl and slips the bowl onto the desk. He takes her waist and begins to pull her closer, but she breaks away.)*

**MOTHER.** Wow...

**FATHER.** Ok...so...have you thought of what kind of life you are going to make?

**MOTHER.** *(Awkwardly:)* Yes. I'm going to have plants and animals. The animals will range from tiny fish all the way to dinosaurs. The fish live in the salty water, the dinosaurs and other land animals live on land, obviously, and then I'm going to have animals that can fly, they'll make their homes in the trees.

**FATHER.** *(Trying to make it less awkward:)* That sounds good, what about the plants?

**MOTHER.** The plants will be something like this. *(She holds out the rose.)*

**FATHER.** *(Overcome with love. Talking more about her than the rose:)* It's beautiful.

**MOTHER.** I know. It's...I'll call it...rose.

**FATHER.** A rose. *(Thinks about the name.)* That name really fits. It really does. And it smells so sweet. *(Moves closer to her.)*

**MOTHER.** *(Not moving away:)* You think so?

**FATHER.** I know so.

*(They kiss again. This time she does not move away. After a short while, they separate.)*

**FATHER.** *(Loving:)* That was nice.

**MOTHER.** Yeah *(A beat.)* but we really need to work. What planet should we put our life on?

**FATHER.** How about Mars, it seems fitting for life.

**MOTHER.** Why?

**FATHER.** Why not?

**MOTHER.** God is going to want to have a reason.

**FATHER.** Ok...um, because it's not too close to the sun, but it's not too far. It's not too hot, but it's not too cold—

**MOTHER.** Ok...ok.

**FATHER.** Let's give Mars a call.

**MOTHER.** Ok. *(Walks over to the phone and dials. MARS walks on to Downstage Left and carries a phone.)*

**MARS.** Hello?

**MOTHER.** Hi, this is Mother Nature.

**MARS.** *(Flirtatious:)* Hi, how are you?

**MOTHER.** *(Not sensing the flirt:)* Fine, so Father Time and I were thinking that maybe we should put our life on your planet.

**MARS.** *(Flattered:)* Well, my planet is the best one.

**MOTHER.** So is it alright by you?

**MARS.** Of course!

**MOTHER.** Great!

*(She hangs up.)*

**MARS.** Yes!

*(She calls GOD and MARS exits stage left. GOD walks onstage wearing white frilly pajamas and holding a white telephone and a white teddy bear.)*

**GOD.** *(Annoyed that he has been interrupted from his nap:)* Hello?

**MOTHER.** Hello God, this is Mother Nature.

**GOD.** What is it?

**MOTHER.** I can tell you're busy. I only wanted to let you know that we are going to put life on Mars.

**GOD.** Why?

**MOTHER.** Because it seemed fit, it's not too hot or cold.

**GOD.** If you asked me, I would say put life on Earth.

**MOTHER.** If I asked you, maybe, but I've already decided on Mars. But if it doesn't work out then I'll think about it.

**GOD.** Will you let me continue my important business now?

**MOTHER.** Of course.

*(She hangs up.)*

**GOD.** Teddy, I don't want you hogging the covers now, ok?

*(He walks offstage.)*

**MOTHER.** Now that that's been taken care of, we have plenty of time to, you know.

**FATHER.** *(Walks close to her.)* Right. We could start at that kiss.

**MOTHER.** *(Holding him back:)* I was thinking more along the lines of putting water on Mars.

**FATHER.** *(Stepping back, embarrassed:)* Oh...right.

*(MOTHER NATURE walks over to her model of the solar system. She takes off Mars and points her finger at it trying to zap water onto the surface. She points at the globe to portray creating bodies of water.)*

**MOTHER.** It isn't working. Every time I get a river going it dries up.

**FATHER.** We could always try another planet. How about Jupiter?

**MOTHER.** Too big.

**FATHER.** Pluto?

**MOTHER.** Too small and too cold.

**FATHER.** Well, you have to make up your mind.

**MOTHER.** God suggested Earth.

**FATHER.** *(Happy that they finally decided on a planet:)* Perfect.

**MOTHER.** I'm not sure, do you think it's too close to the Sun?

**FATHER.** (*Annoyed:*) Just pick a planet.

**MOTHER.** Ok...it's Earth.

*(She walks over to the model of the solar system, puts Mars back on and takes Earth off. She then zaps rivers, oceans, streams, lakes and other forms of water onto it.)*

Hey, God was right! It's really working. Now for the plants and animals.

*(She zaps them on.)*

Perfect.

**FATHER.** Ok, now it's my turn. Now that we chose Earth, I can put my plans into motion. I'll use Earth as a base for my time-frame.

**MOTHER.** How does it work?

**FATHER.** Well, each second that goes by, things change slightly. Nothing is frozen it just keeps moving. The Earth spins and it makes a full rotation in twenty four hours. Each hour is sixty minutes and each minute is sixty seconds. Every part of the world has its own time zone. So when it's, let's say, six o'clock here, it would be seven o'clock in a different time zone and eight o'clock in another one.

**MOTHER.** Sounds good. When will you show God?

**FATHER.** I'm off to see him now. I'll call you with the answer. (*He exits Stage Left.*)

*(MOTHER NATURE smiles as she watches him go. She sits down on her rocker.)*

**MOTHER.** I can't believe how well this is going. I'm getting what I've always wanted, to do something really important with my life, and...and I'm getting...love... (*The phone rings.*) Hello? He really liked it?...and then he...what? He mentioned something about an arcade...ok...that's great! (*She hangs up.*) Yeah...love.

*(Blackout.)*

**Scene Six: The scene switches time to the day  
the dinosaurs go extinct**

*(In the meeting house. The screen shows a dinosaur. Members at the meeting sit at the same seats they sat at before. They bring their chairs onstage with them. GOD brings on the podium.)*

**GOD.** How is everyone? I see all the planets are running quite smoothly, yes? They must be if they lasted all these years.

**SUN.** *(Stands up.)* Of course, everything's running great. But I was thinking. Can my sun be pink? I mean yellowish fire is pretty and all, but pink is just, well, so much more me. You know, it's this year's black.

**GOD.** The sun will stay just as it is. Anything else?

*(SUN sits down, disappointed.)*

*(MOTHER NATURE bursts through the door Stage Left and everybody looks back at her.)*

**MOTHER.** I can't stand those dinosaurs! I don't know what I was thinking! They just go around killing everything and tramping around like they own the place! Why didn't I give them any predators? For crying out loud!

**GOD.** Well you certainly are crying out loud, Miss Nature. What do you expect me to do about it?

**MOTHER.** *(Suddenly quiet:)* Give me permission to kill them.

**GOD.** *(Shocked:)* What?

**MOTHER.** Please, let me kill them!

**GOD.** I will do no such thing!

**MOTHER.** *(Walking toward the podium:)* Why not? I promise that this will be the only time I kill off an entire race of animal. Or plant for that matter. If anything else goes extinct it will happen on its own and I'll even hold a memorial service. Please, please let me kill them.

**GOD.** You know the law, I can't let you kill your own creation!

*(She looks at him with pleading eyes.)*

Well...alright. But if you do anything like this again, you'll die for it. I'm sorry, I don't create the laws I just...actually, I do create the laws. Anyway, have I made myself clear?

**MOTHER.** Yes, Sir.

*(She begins to leave.)*

**GOD.** And please, make it a humane death, you never know when these things will backfire. Your creatures might end up killing you.

**MOTHER.** *(Turns around to face him.)* Of course I will, and I have everything under control.

*(Blackout.)*

### Scene Seven: Mother Nature's house

**MOTHER.** *(Sitting by the desk. EARTH and FATHER TIME are sitting on the couch.)* Earth, come look at this.

**EARTH.** *(Walking over to her:)* What?

**MOTHER.** I want to make sure I'm doing this right. I mean it's your world.

**EARTH.** *(Crossing his arms:)* Look, you can kill off the dinosaurs any way that you want. Just don't hurt my planet.

**MOTHER.** Ok what if I send a meteor down, causing a major climate shift. This will happen so fast that the dinosaurs won't have time to make the adjustments that are necessary to survive.

**EARTH.** *(Sitting back on the couch:)* Whatever.

**MOTHER.** *(Spinning around in the chair to face EARTH:)* You know, you could have a more positive attitude about this. These dinosaurs might end up killing everything.

**EARTH.** I told you, you can kill the dinosaurs, what else do you want?

**MOTHER.** I want you to care! Why don't you care?

**EARTH.** Because I don't.

**MOTHER.** What do you think, Time?

*(EARTH rolls his eyes.)*

**EARTH.** Oh, brother.

**FATHER.** I think you should trust your instincts. They're pretty sharp.

**MOTHER.** Thanks.

**EARTH.** *(To FATHER TIME:)* Way to suck up. *(Stands up.)* I need to go. My planet doesn't spin itself, you know. Remember, don't hurt my planet.

**MOTHER.** Don't worry.

**EARTH.** Trust me, I won't. *(Exits Stage Right.)*

**MOTHER.** Thanks for always being there for me. It's been a really big help. You know how stressed I get.

**FATHER.** Believe me, I know.

**MOTHER.** Now, how do I get a meteor down to Earth?

**FATHER.** I think I have an idea...

*(There is a knock on the door.)*

**MOTHER.** Come in.

*(GOD enters from stage right.)*

**FATHER.** *(Surprised:)* Hello.

**MOTHER.** *(Equally as surprised:)* What brings you by?

**GOD.** I was thinking. If you're going to kill off the dinosaurs, you could at least replace them with another species to balance out the ecosystem.

**MOTHER.** Ok. Do you have any ideas?

**GOD.** Yes. Could you create a species in my image?

**MOTHER.** You mean they'll generally look like you or act like you?

**GOD.** Look like me. I think it will be kind of nice to see a lot of little copies of myself running around on Earth.

**MOTHER.** Sounds good.

**GOD.** Oh, and could you make them smarter than the rest of the animals? I want them to be special.

**MOTHER.** Why would they be smarter?

**GOD.** Just like I told you. I want them to be special.

**MOTHER.** But wouldn't they just ruin the Earth?

**GOD.** What do you mean?

**MOTHER.** You know, they'll take advantage of their higher intelligence. They'll hurt the other animals and kill the environment.

**GOD.** What creature would intentionally destroy its home?

**MOTHER.** (*Reluctantly:*) Yeah, I guess you're right, I'll get right on it.

**GOD.** See that you do.

(*GOD exits stage right.*)

**MOTHER.** As soon as I kill those dinosaurs. Send the meteor right there. (*She points to the globe.*)

**FATHER.** Ok. One, two, three. Done. (*He becomes extremely drained by this action.*)

**MOTHER.** (*Still upbeat and seemingly unaffected by this mass kill:*) Thanks. Now let's have a moment of silence for the dinosaurs. (*A beat.*) Moment over.

**FATHER.** (*Still exhausted:*) You should probably start working on God's assignment.

**MOTHER.** You're right. I think I'll evolve this new species from the monkeys. They're already on the smarter side. Let's see.

*(She sits down at the desk and starts typing on the typewriter and the evolution picture [monkeys–humans] comes up on the screen behind the desk.)*

**MOTHER.** Perfect. *(Leans back and turns to face FATHER TIME:)* I'll call them human.

**FATHER.** *(Looking at the screen:)* Perfect. You really have come a long way with how fast you're accomplishing things.

**MOTHER.** Yeah, well it will be a few years until the dinosaurs die off and a few more years after that until the humans evolve into what God expects them to be.

**FATHER.** Why didn't you just zap them onto Earth?

**MOTHER.** Because that would disrupt the ecosystems too much.

**FATHER.** You think of everything.

**MOTHER.** *(Flirtatious. Standing up:)* Do I?

**FATHER.** You certainly do.

**MOTHER.** *(Walking toward him:)* Well, I was thinking that we could take a trip down to Earth together. We could go way into the future to see how the humans are doing and what's become of them.

**FATHER.** Sounds like fun, we should do it.

**MOTHER.** Ok. It's a date.

**FATHER.** It is?

**MOTHER.** If you want it to be.

**FATHER.** It is, definitely.

**MOTHER.** Good.

**FATHER.** Good.

*(Pause.)*

**MOTHER.** How about now?

**FATHER.** Now?

**MOTHER.** Now, please, I'm so curious.

**FATHER.** Ok, how far do you want to go?

**MOTHER.** Way into the future. A couple thousand years from now.

**FATHER.** That is pretty far.

**MOTHER.** Can you do it?

**FATHER.** Do you doubt me?

**MOTHER.** No, you just sounded unsure.

**FATHER.** I'm completely sure, let's go.

*(He grabs her and snaps his fingers. The lights flicker and they are in the time of Cain and Abel. The screen shows a bloody sword.)*

**MOTHER.** So, this is my place thousands of years in the future.

**FATHER.** It looks the same.

*(They walk out of the tree house and onto a field Stage Left. They witness CAIN kill ABEL. The humans are offstage.)*

**MOTHER.** What was that?

**FATHER.** I think that was a human.

**MOTHER.** No, I meant, did you see that human? He killed the other one!

**FATHER.** *(Uncaring:)* Yes.

**MOTHER.** Well he wasn't going to eat him.

**FATHER.** I think you're over analyzing the situation.

*(CAIN stumbles onstage from Stage Left, shaking.)*

**MOTHER.** I think I'll ask him.

**FATHER.** Mother...

**MOTHER.** *(Crossing in front of FATHER TIME to CAIN on Stage Left, leaving FATHER TIME on the right side of Stage Left.)* What's your name, human?

**CAIN.** Did you just call me human?

**MOTHER.** What's your name?

**CAIN.** Cain. Who are you?

**MOTHER.** Who was that?

**CAIN.** Abel.

**MOTHER.** What, may I ask, was your motive?

**CAIN.** God liked his animal sacrifices better than my fruit and vegetable sacrifices. Why should you know?

**MOTHER.** *(Shocked:)* You sacrifice living things for God? *(As she is saying this, FATHER TIME walks over to them.)*

**FATHER.** Let's go. *(He pulls her aside. CAIN exits Stage Left.)*

**MOTHER.** Cain killed Abel out of jealousy, pure jealousy. I've created a monster! And why would he want God's approval any way, I created that human. I'm the whole reason he's even alive on this silly planet!

**FATHER.** *(He takes her arm and starts to walk Stage Right.)* Come on, let's go.

**MOTHER.** *(She yanks her arm down and walks back a few steps.)* No. I want to punish the humans.

**FATHER.** Why? Maybe this one was just deranged.

**MOTHER.** I'm going to put a flood through and destroy them all!

**FATHER.** Come on, Mother! Remember what God told you.

**MOTHER.** Fine, I'll save two, and two of every other animal as well.

**FATHER.** Well, I guess if you don't totally kill them off then you haven't broken your promise...ok.

**MOTHER.** Ok...here it goes...

*(GOD runs onstage from left in a white golf outfit carrying a bag of white golf clubs.)*

**GOD.** Wait!

**MOTHER.** What?

**GOD.** Didn't I tell you not to kill any more species? Because I recall threatening your life if you did!

**MOTHER.** I'm not going to kill them all. I'm saving two of every species.

**GOD.** Alright, I can't stop you, you run the Solar System...but I strongly suggest that you don't stop me from warning the human of my choice.

**MOTHER.** Fine.

*(GOD turns to face the audience, clears his throat and begins his speech in a deep voice.)*

**GOD.** Noah!

*(NOAH enters.)*

**NOAH.** Who is this?

**GOD.** This is God!

**NOAH.** Who?

**GOD.** *(Normal voice:)* God?

**NOAH.** Oh...God how are you doing?

**GOD.** Never mind. *(Deep voice:)* Noah, there will be a terrible storm. The entire Earth will be flooded and I want you to build an arc!

**NOAH.** What's an arc?

**GOD.** You know, an arc.

**NOAH.** No.

**GOD.** A big boat.

**NOAH.** Oh...ok.

**GOD.** And bring two of every animal with you on the arc!

**NOAH.** Can I leave the mosquitoes?

**GOD.** No.

**NOAH.** How about wasps?

**GOD.** No!

**NOAH.** Fine!

**GOD.** *(To MOTHER NATURE in normal voice:)* And that is my manly voice. Now if you'll excuse me, I have eighteen holes of miniature golf to play!

**MOTHER.** Have fun.

*(GOD exits Stage Left and MOTHER NATURE gets ready to set in the flood.)*

**MOTHER.** Here it goes. *(She sets in the flood.)*

**FATHER.** You ready to go now?

**MOTHER.** To the future.

**FATHER.** Again?

**MOTHER.** Yes.

**FATHER.** Ok...why?

**MOTHER.** Let's just go!

*(He snaps his fingers, the lights flicker and they are in 1865. On the screen is a picture of two men pointing guns at each other. One man is in a northern uniform, the other is in a southern uniform.)*

**MOTHER.** What year is it?

**FATHER.** 1865.

**MOTHER.** Oh. We skipped a lot of years.

**FATHER.** Something about it is different.

**MOTHER.** Smells terrible, like death has completely surrounded us.

**FATHER.** You're right, I wonder if you caused a major catastrophe or something.

**MOTHER.** Maybe, but it doesn't smell like natural death, more like things have been killing each other.

**FATHER.** Come on.

**MOTHER.** No, I'm serious. Let's go down and see what's going on.

*(They walk farther Stage Left.)*

**MOTHER.** *(Stopping suddenly:)* Whoa.

**FATHER.** *(Referring to invisible buildings in the audience:)* Those are not trees.

**MOTHER.** They are made of natural substances. I see glass and stone, but I can't decide what it is. Maybe the humans build them for shelter.

**FATHER.** Who knows?

*(A SOLDIER wanders on from Stage Left, scared.)*

**MOTHER.** *(To FATHER TIME:)* Hey, look a human. *(To SOLDIER:)* Excuse me...um...human, what's going on.

**SOLDIER.** *(Distracted:)* Huh?

**MOTHER.** Let me make myself clear, why does it smell so strongly like...death.

**SOLDIER.** Lady, this is the civil war. Of course it's going to smell like death.

**MOTHER.** What is war?

**SOLDIER.** What is war?

**MOTHER.** Yes.

**SOLDIER.** Well... *(There is the sound of a gunshot.)* Get down!

*(All three jump to the floor.)*

**MOTHER.** What was that!?

**SOLDIER.** (*Frustrated:*) A gun. (*All three get up.*) Look, lady, I don't know why you're here, but I think you need to...

(*Another shot is heard and the SOLDIER falls down dead.*)

**MOTHER.** Hello? (*To FATHER TIME:*) He's dead.

**FATHER.** That human used some sort of killing machine to kill him with.

**MOTHER.** War must be a battle of life and death, and the enemy is yourself.

**FATHER.** Well not technically. I mean, they're not all the same.

**MOTHER.** Yes they are, I created them from the same species, didn't I, in the image of God? They're killing themselves in mass numbers.

**FATHER.** (*To himself:*) And that gun was probably another killing machine.

**MOTHER.** I don't like these humans.

**FATHER.** (*To MOTHER NATURE:*) Now, don't make a judgment that fast.

**MOTHER.** Are you taking their side?

**FATHER.** There are no sides. Please, Mother, let's just go back into the tree house where we are away from the death. I think it's upsetting you.

**MOTHER.** Look, I see men beating other men, and I see men killing each other. I tell you, I don't like what I see.

**FATHER.** Come on, let's go into the tree house and then we can go back home.

**MOTHER.** No, I want to go farther into the future. Maybe this is just a one time thing.

**FATHER.** (*Doubtful:*) Maybe.

**MOTHER.** Are you up for it? (*Touching his arm:*) You look a little tired.

**FATHER.** (*Shaking her off.*) No, I'm fine, let's go.

(FATHER TIME takes hold of MOTHER NATURE's arm and snaps his fingers. They arrive in the turn of the century. The screen changes to a picture of workers working on a railroad track.)

**MOTHER.** (Coughs.) I can hardly breath.

**FATHER.** Maybe you changed the make up of the air and we're just not used to it.

**MOTHER.** Blaming it on me again?

**FATHER.** Well who else could have changed the quality of the air?

**MOTHER.** I don't know, Earth, God, the humans.

**FATHER.** The humans?

(They hear the clanging of the hammers to the rail road tracks. WORKER walks on and kneels down on the ground with a hammer working on an imaginary railroad track.)

**MOTHER.** What's that sound?

**FATHER.** (Interested:) I don't know but it's unlike anything I've ever heard.

(MOTHER NATURE spots WORKER working on a railroad.)

**FATHER.** Excuse me, Sir, what are you making?

**MOTHER.** Did you call that human "Sir"?

**FATHER.** (To WORKER:) What are you making?

**WORKER.** We're building a railroad.

**FATHER.** A railroad, interesting, we don't have any of those where I come from, please explain.

**WORKER.** Never had that question before but ok. It's a system that carries goods and people faster than by horse and buggy.

**FATHER.** (Very interested:) How fascinating.

**MOTHER.** (Unable to control herself any longer, she pushes FATHER TIME aside and begins interrogating the WORKER:) Do you have any idea how much smoke you're pumping into the air?!

**WORKER.** (*Standing up:*) I don't know. A lot?

**MOTHER.** Yes, a lot!

**WORKER.** So?

**MOTHER.** So? This is your breathing air that you're destroying!

**WORKER.** (*In her face:*) I don't think I care one bit!

**FATHER.** (*Pushing them apart to break up the impending fight and pulling MOTHER NATURE off to the side:*) And I think it's time we leave now. (*Once out of earshot:*) You looked as if you were going to kill that man. All over a little smog!

(*WORKER exits Stage Left.*)

**MOTHER.** Well I wanted to. That flood didn't teach any of them a lesson!

**FATHER.** Well the ones who the flood would have affected are all dead!

**MOTHER.** (*Turning away from him:*) This is so frustrating!

**FATHER.** Mother, please control yourself. You have quite a temper.

**MOTHER.** (*Turning back:*) Temper? Temper! I have "quite a temper"?! You sound as if I'm the bad guy here!

**FATHER.** Well...

**MOTHER.** I'm not the one who's destroying my home!

**FATHER.** Fine, Mother, what do you want me to do? Do you want me to let you kill them too? All of them this time?

**MOTHER.** (*Calming down a bit:*) No...I mean, maybe. Well I don't know.

**FATHER.** (*Annoyed but glad she lowered her voice:*) Would you like to see what happens next?

**MOTHER.** What do you mean?

**FATHER.** Come on, I know you want me to take you farther in the future. I don't want to but...

**MOTHER.** Ok.

**FATHER.** I was half hoping you'd say...

**MOTHER.** 1945.

**FATHER.** *(Looks at her.)* Fine.

*(He snaps his fingers, the light flickers and they are in 1945.)*

**FATHER.** Here we are.

*(On the screen there is a video of a giant mushroom cloud explosion. MOTHER and FATHER look out into the audience watching it.)*

**MOTHER.** What is that?

**FATHER.** I don't know.

**MOTHER.** Let's go see.

*(They walk over and see nothing but rubble.)*

**FATHER.** Remember the gun explosion? I think that's what it was except for a lot larger. I wonder what it could be?

**MOTHER.** It's a nuclear explosion.

**FATHER.** How would you know that?

**MOTHER.** Because some of the chemicals that caused this explosion were natural.

**FATHER.** So the humans didn't do it.

**MOTHER.** They pulled together some of my natural elements and added their own creations to explode this device and kill millions of other humans. They're out of control, I need to keep them down somehow.

**FATHER.** I'm sure this is all in your head. Let's just go home.

**MOTHER.** No! I want to go to the next millennium. Maybe this will all end. I hope this will all end. Let's go to the year 2000...and 1.

**FATHER.** Why?

**MOTHER.** Because I want to see!

(MOTHER NATURE *grabs* FATHER TIME *and he snaps his fingers.*)

(*When they arrive on the screen we see people screaming and running as the World Trade Center is burned to the ground. They witness the planes crashing into the buildings.*)

**MOTHER.** I don't see any trees.

**FATHER.** I see some over there in that fenced in area. (*Reading:*) "Central Park." Hmm. (*Noticing the planes:*) What are those?

**MOTHER.** They look like birds. But they're huge and their wings are so straight, and they just flew into that tall column with all those people running out and all those flames.

**FATHER.** What a stupid bird.

**MOTHER.** I don't think that it's a bird. It's some sort of machine.

**FATHER.** How interesting.

**MOTHER.** I bet the machine is operated by the humans, and they're taking their own lives as well as others. It's as if they want to die.

**FATHER.** I'm sure that's not true. There could be great potential for these creatures. They've got smart, creative minds. It's a gift you gave them. Look, maybe God will know what to do.

**MOTHER.** Maybe, but he always seems to go on and on about his sports agenda. (*They walk into the tree house and she picks up the phone and dials.*)

**GOD.** (*GOD walks on Stage Left with his white telephone.*) Hello?

**MOTHER.** Hi this is Mother Nature, I had a question for you.

**GOD.** What ever the question is, the answer is yes, fine, whatever you want. Just, stop calling me. I put you in charge of the solar system, so run it. I have other extremely important business to tend to. I don't have time for your every problem. I have a golf game at four.

**MOTHER.** Miniature?

**GOD.** No, it's the real deal this time!

**MOTHER.** (*Frustrated:*) Great.

**GOD.** And right now I'm about to crush the Intergalactic Warriors at tennis. So if you'll excuse me!

*(He hangs up and walks off Stage Left.)*

**MOTHER.** He's playing tennis, and golf. So, let's go, one more time.

**FATHER.** No. The more we travel the more upset you become. You know what you're going to see.

**MOTHER.** I want to be proven wrong.

**FATHER.** (*Reluctantly:*) Ok.

**MOTHER.** The year 3,000.

*(He grabs her and snaps his fingers, the lights flicker and they are in the year 3,000. The NEWS MAN appears on the screen. MOTHER NATURE and FATHER TIME turn their attention to the screen.)*

**NEWS MAN.** We interrupt your programming to bring you a special news bulletin. Global Warming is here. The ozone layer has depleted and the extra UV rays had devastating effects. In addition, the polar ice caps melted. The mix of salt and fresh water caused a major climate shift. Millions of people were displaced and multiple plant and animal species are extinct. If that isn't bad enough, the United States has just declared war on North Korea. The United States, North Korea and most of their allies have nuclear weapons ten times more destructive than the atomic bombs of World War II. Do all you can do to help the war effort. As for Global Warming, this is Mother Nature's last cry for help. Will you answer it? This was your breaking news, brought to you by KYW news radio 1060, goodbye.

**MOTHER.** (*Turning to the audience:*) My last cry for help?

**FATHER.** I think they were speaking metaphorically.

**MOTHER.** (*To herself:*) I'm going to die.

**FATHER.** I think they just changed and developed...

**MOTHER.** They're going to kill me...

**FATHER.** Things change over time.

**MOTHER.** *(Suddenly turning to him:)* Time? Time! This is all your fault!

**FATHER.** My fault? How on Earth is this my fault?

**MOTHER.** You had to keep things moving by the second. You had to change and develop my humans. You had to kill my Earth!

**FATHER.** I didn't...

*(MOTHER NATURE coughs.)*

**FATHER.** Mother...?

**MOTHER.** What's going on... *(Coughs.)* ...I can't breathe...

**FATHER.** Calm down, let's get you back home.

**MOTHER.** *(Returning his gaze weakly:)* What's happening? Look around, do you see any trees, any birds, any life at all?

**FATHER.** *(Scared:)* Yes. I see your tree house. We've got to get you there right now.

**MOTHER.** Why? Why won't you tell me what's going on?

**FATHER.** Please, Mother.

**MOTHER.** *(She stumbles.)* Maybe we should go.

**FATHER.** I'll stay with you.

**MOTHER.** No.

**FATHER.** I have to.

**MOTHER.** No you don't, I'll be fine.

**FATHER.** I have to stay with you, Mother!

**MOTHER.** *(Weakly:)* Alright.

*(They run towards the tree house. MOTHER NATURE trips and falls.)*

**FATHER.** Mother! *(He picks her up and carries her Stage Right into the tree house. He sits her in the rocker.)*

*(Blackout.)*

**Scene Eight: Mother Nature's house**

*(Lights up on MOTHER NATURE sitting and knitting a sweater. FATHER TIME paces back and forth when he notices her knitting.)*

**FATHER.** Why are you knitting?

**MOTHER.** I need to preoccupy myself.

**FATHER.** *(Angry in his terror:)* No one will ever wear it.

**MOTHER.** If you are just going to criticize me, then please leave.

*(He begins to leave, but turns back.)*

**FATHER.** Promise me you won't... *(Stops himself from saying "die.")* I love you.

*(He walks to the couch, picks up the blanket and wraps it around her shoulders then starts toward the door.)*

**MOTHER.** Wait...

**FATHER.** What?

*(She smiles.)*

**MOTHER.** I have to tell you something, before...my time is running out. And even Father Time can't stop it, them from—

**FATHER.** No. I have to go.

*(He runs off Stage Right. MOTHER NATURE picks up her knitting again. Blackout.)*

*(The scene picks up in the middle of the first scene.)*

**FATHER.** *(Stares into her eyes and stands up looking down at her.)* You know what? You're right. You're dead, and everything you've ever stood for is dead.

**MOTHER.** Please leave.

**FATHER.** Fine, Mother, I'll leave, I'll leave and I won't come back if that's what you want. I would go to the ends of the Universe for you.

(MOTHER NATURE *looks away*. FATHER TIME *sighs*. *Line to the audience but intended for her ears:*)

**FATHER.**

Mother Nature and Father Time,  
one gives the Rhythm the other the Rhyme...

(*She still does not return his gaze. He sighs. Last line to MOTHER NATURE:*)

**FATHER.** I love you.

(*A moment of silence. FATHER TIME watches MOTHER NATURE despite the fact that she is facing away from him. He sighs and leaves the room.*)

**MOTHER.** I love you too.

(*MOTHER NATURE turns around and watches him go, puts down her knitting, and walks over to the corner of the room. She looks around and pulls out a box. She opens the box. Inside is a rose. She smells the rose.*)

Just as I remembered you. You're the first life I ever created.

(*MOTHER NATURE coughs repeatedly. Finally she draws her last breath. She falls back on her chair and then the rose wilts.*)

(*Blackout.*)

(*The Stage Left set is reset as the meeting house, everybody sits in the same seats.*)

**GOD.** This is an emergency meeting.

**PLUTO.** (*Standing up:*) Is this about the fact that I'm not a planet anymore. I mean what's with that!

**GOD.** Your pathetic need for approval is not what this meeting is about! (*PLUTO takes her seat.*) We need to find Mother Nature.

**EARTH.** (*Looking dysfunctional and worn out from all the humans have done. Stands up.*) Why? What's the problem?

(*There is a nervous buzz. FATHER TIME enters Stage Left.*)

**GOD.** (*To FATHER TIME:*) Do you know anything?

**THIS PLAY IS  
NOT OVER!**

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