



Bible Drama Scripts
presents

IT ALL STARTED IN EDEN . . .

A Revealing Look At How We Relate To Each Other

Featuring 5 Dramatic Sketches by Adam, Eve, and Lucifer

By Patricia Souder

SYNOPSIS: “It All Started in Eden” offers a narrated collage of five tightly-scripted drama sketches that portray the intended intimacy for which we were created, heart-rending reminders of why we struggle with relationships, and a plea for restoration. “Designed for One Another” invites us to share the wonder Adam and Eve enjoyed when first created. “Just One Bite” reveals the alluring appeal of temptation. “I Don’t Have Anything to Wear” and “Not Me, Lord” use humor to underscore our tendency to engage in cover-ups and blame games. “Bring Back the Music” captures our deep longing for what could have been, culminating in a prayer for ultimate redemption.

SETTING: The Garden of Eden.

PROPS: Flowers, bushes, vines, large, leafy tree with fruit, a rock.

CHARACTERS: ADAM, EVE, and LUCIFER. NARRATOR 1: Male; NARRATOR 2: Female.

PERFORMANCE TIME: 20-25 minutes plus music.

PERFORMANCE NOTES: Capture the wonder, ridicule, doubt, humor, despair, and longing of your characters. Practice with your partner to master the tone, timing, rhyme, rhythm, and repetition. Don’t rush your lines. Dramatic pauses are essential. Savor poetic elements, but don’t become sing-songy. Perform lines labeled “Both” together. When characters say different words at the same time, speak clearly so the audience hears the clash.

Optional: Add music to set the mood at the beginning, between sketches, and at the end.

TOPICS: Creation. Relationships. Marriage. Temptation. Sin. Guilt. Blame. Redemption. God’s Design.

PERFORMANCE POSSIBILITIES: High school and college groups. Teen camps. Premarital and marriage seminars. Creative Bible Studies.

BIBLE REFERENCES: Genesis 1-3; Romans 8:18-25.

IT ALL STARTED IN EDEN

NARRATOR 1: *(at lectern, offstage right)* in the beginning, God . . .

NARRATOR 2: *(At lectern, offstage left)* The infinite, eternal, almighty God who created the heavens, the earth, and everything in them . . .

NARRATOR 1: Completed his magnificent work by breathing life into Adam.

NARRATOR 2: God placed Adam in the Garden of Eden and summoned all the animals and birds that romped and snorted and played together in joyous harmony to come to Adam so he could name them.

NARRATOR 1: Adam chose names for the sheep and goats, eagles and egrets, tigers and giraffes. But he did not find a suitable companion to share his life.

NARRATOR 2: The Creator smiled, administered a divine sedative, extracted a rib from Adam's ribs, and fashioned a perfect partner for Adam.

*(Newly created, **ADAM** and **EVE** wear attractive clothes that portray youthful vibrancy.)*

DESIGNED FOR ONE ANOTHER

ADAM enters LC. Stretches and yawns as if just waking up.

EVE enters RC. Watches Adam with amused smile.

ADAM: I feel like someone is looking at me . . .

Watching me . . .

Almost staring at me

(Looks up and sees Eve.)

(EVE smiles warmly.)

ADAM: WOW! *(Stands tall. Looks directly at Eve.)*

Someone IS staring at me!

But now that I see who it is, I don't really mind.

In fact, I like it.

(EVE's smile continues to broaden.)

ADAM: I mean, I like YOU . . .

I mean . . . You're . . . You're GORGEOUS!

You're elegant . . . exquisite . . . Enchanting . . .

Breath-taking . . . mind-boggling . . . You're BEAUTIFUL!

Why, I can't take my eyes off you!

(EVE drops her gaze as if slightly embarrassed.)

ADAM: Who are you anyway?

You weren't here yesterday when I was naming the animals.

(EVE looks at Adam and smiles.) No, I wasn't.

ADAM: You talk!

EVE: Yes, I do.

ADAM: You have arms and legs . . . Fingers and toes like I do . . .
You stand tall and look right into my eyes . . .
And you SPEAK!

EVE: Yes, I do!

ADAM: Oh, how wonderful! You're so much like me . . . Only better!

(EVE smiles.) Not necessarily better . . . Just . . . different . . . distinctive . . . unique.

ADAM: But where did you come from?

EVE: From YOU.

ADAM: From ME? Impossible! I don't even know who you are. How could YOU come from ME?

EVE: God made me from one of your ribs.

ADAM: From one of my RIBS? You've got to be kidding! How could God make YOU from one of MY ribs?

EVE: How could God make YOU from the dirt we walk on?

ADAM: But I didn't feel a thing.

EVE: Of course not. You were sound asleep.

ADAM: Well, I'm wide awake now! And eager to get acquainted. After all, if this is true, you are *(Rhythmically.)* Bone of my bones . . .

EVE: Bone of your bones . . .

ADAM: Flesh of my flesh . . .

EVE: Flesh of your flesh . . .

ADAM: Like me, but different . . .

EVE: Like you, but different . . .

ADAM: Created in God's image . . .

EVE: To care for God's creation.

BOTH: Partners . . . Sweethearts . . . Soul-mates . . . Because . . .

EVE: You are Adam . . .

ADAM: You are Eve . . . You are woman . . .

EVE: You are man . . .

BOTH: We're designed for one another . . .
 Complete when we're together . . .
 Made to love each other . . .
 We are one.
(Exit joyously arm in arm DR.)

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BOTH: So that's how it was meant to be!
NARRATOR 1: We were designed to be partners . . .
NARRATOR 2: Sweethearts . . .
BOTH: And soul-mates . . .
NARRATOR 1: Who delight in sharing our lives in devoted intimacy
NARRATOR 2: And loving unity.
BOTH: What a wonderful, happy-ever-after life . . . (Beat)
 It was . . . (Beat)
 And should have been.

JUST ONE BITE

(Tree with attractive fruit is placed C. EVE enters DR and goes to tree and looks at fruit. LUCIFER, wearing sunglasses and a glitzy outfit, enters UL. Saunters to tree where he plucks fruit and offers it to EVE.)

LUCIFER: *(Uses a seductive persuasive soft sell. Savors each word.)*
 Just one bite.
 One sensuously scintillating,
 enticingly exhilarating,
 marvelously liberating bite.

EVE: *(Doubtfully)* Just one bite?

LUCIFER: Just one bite.

EVE: But God said. . .

LUCIFER: God? *(Sarcastically)*
 The God who crafted creativity,
 and delights in grand diversity
 would discourage curiosity?

EVE: We may eat of every other fruit.

LUCIFER: An arbitrary absolute!
 Grow up! Eat from all the trees in Eden.
 No *good* God would give you Paradise
 and then restrict your freedom!

EVE: But God said that we would die.

LUCIFER: Die? You won't die.

That's an authoritative, calculated lie.
 God knows this fruit will open childish eyes
 to give you adult pleasures
 and make you like God: *wise*.

EVE: That's why?
 I always thought God cared about us
 and wanted only the very best for us.
 But if what you say is true,
 This prohibition
 inhibits our volition
 and forces our submission . . .
 And that's totally unfair!

LUCIFER: Just one bite . . .

EVE: Just one bite.

BOTH:
 One deliberately God-defying,
 dangerously death-denying,
 disobediently damnifying (*long pause*). . . bite.

(LUCIFER struts off in triumph DL. EVE walks back to tree slowly and exits LC.)

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NARRATOR 1: Just one bite . . .

NARRATOR 2: One tantalizing, little bite . . . It seemed like such a small thing!

NARRATOR 1: Except that it defied the God who created them . . .

NARRATOR 2: And disrupted the harmony, companionship, and perfection of Eden

NARRATOR 1: For them . . .

NARRATOR 2: For us . . .

BOTH: Forever.

I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO WEAR

(EVE enters LC. Goes to tree. ADAM enters DR. Sits on rock with head in hands. BOTH wear dark capes.)

EVE: *(Under tree. Holds fruit with two bites missing.)* Now, wasn't that fruit delicious?

ADAM: *(Silence. Shakes head slightly.)*

EVE: *(Irritated)* All right, don't answer.

ADAM: *(Silence. Glances at Eve and rolls eyes.)*

EVE: Adam, I hate to say this, but you look different somehow . . .
 I mean, you look older and sort of sad and kind of empty . . .
 In fact, I never noticed it before, but you look downright naked!
 Don't you think you should put something on?

ADAM: *(Silence. Shakes head in exasperation.)*

EVE: And me . . . *(Distressed.)* Look at me . . . *(Looks down at self.)*

ADAM: *(Glances at Eve passively.)*

EVE: *(Crosses arms over chest as if embarrassed.)* No, actually, don't look at me. Why, Adam, I don't think I've ever mentioned this before, but I don't have a thing to wear!

ADAM: *(Looks at Eve as though he can't believe what he's hearing. Silence.)*

EVE: What am I going to do? *(Looks at self.)* Why, I'm stark naked! Oh, how utterly embarrassing!

ADAM: *(Rolls eyes in utter disbelief. Silence.)*

EVE: Adam, quick, we've got to do something! Why, the least we can do is go shopping.

ADAM: *(Sighs.)* We can't go shopping.

EVE: Oh, you're right. We can't go shopping. I don't have anything to wear. And someone might see us!

ADAM: *(Stands and shakes head.)* There's no one around to see us, Eve.

EVE: Maybe we could order from Amazon . . .

ADAM: *(Rolls eyes.)* Amazon? Amazon won't be shipping for thousands of years.

EVE: Well, then, we'll just have to make something.

ADAM: *(Holds head in hands. Shakes head as he glances at Eve.)* Make something? How are we going to make something?

EVE: With a needle and thread, of course. Now, Adam, don't just stand there. Go get me a needle.

ADAM: A needle?

EVE: Yes, a needle. You know: Something sharp to sew things together.

ADAM: Sew things together?

EVE: Men! They don't ever know what to do! Look, over there's a tree. Go break off a little branch and shave its end to a sharp point with a couple of stones.

ADAM: *(Sighs.)* Yes, dear. *(Starts to look for a little branch.)*

EVE: Meanwhile, I'll gather some fig leaves and look for a vine or cord of some kind. Then I'll sew them together so we have something to wear. That should fix everything.

ADAM: *(Stares at Eve in disbelief. Silence.)*

EVE: Adam, why don't you ever talk to me anymore? Why do I have to think of everything? And explain everything? And do everything?

ADAM: *(Continues to stare at Eve. Points to Eve and mouths "You?" Silence.)*

EVE: Adam, it wasn't like this before.

ADAM: *(Shakes head no. Silence.)*

EVE: Just this morning we did everything together.

ADAM: *(Sighs and nods. Silence.)*

EVE: You and me . . .

ADAM: And God.

EVE: It was such fun!

ADAM: I remember.

EVE: Everything's so different now. You're so distant . . . so disinterested . . . So . . . so . . . dead.

ADAM: *(Shrugs shoulders. Silence.)*

EVE: Adam, I'm lonely. It's like you're hiding . . . And like I'm so exposed . . .

ADAM: I think I hear Someone calling my name.

EVE: *(Haltingly)* Some . . . one . . . call . . . ing . . . your name . . . ? But Adam, you said no one was here.

ADAM: No one but God.

EVE: God?

BOTH: *(Crouch behind bushes.)*

EVE: Like I said . . . I really don't have anything to wear!

(EVE exits UL. ADAM exits UR. BOTH shuffle slowly with heads down and shoulders slumping.)

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NARRATOR 1: Go shopping? Find a needle? What was Eve thinking?

NARRATOR 2: At least she *was* thinking. And trying to find a solution. Adam just sat there glumming over the situation. What good did that do?

NARRATOR 1: The truth is that neither clever cover-ups nor dismal depression could repair their broken relationship with God.

NARRATOR 2: They really didn't have anything to wear, physically or spiritually.

BOTH: And neither do we.

NARRATOR 1: But that didn't stop them . . . or us . . . from trying to justify our actions by blaming others.

NOT ME, LORD

(ADAM strides on LC. EVE strides on RC. BOTH wear dark capes and point defensively to self, each other, or God to plead innocence or indicate blame.)

ADAM: It wasn't *me*, Lord . . . It was Eve.
You know: the intriguing, irresistible woman
You made from my rib, Lord.
That's who gave me the fruit.

EVE: It wasn't *me*, Lord . . . It was Lucifer.
You know: the intriguing, irresistible angel of light
You made to show Your beauty.
That's who gave me the fruit.

BOTH: You can't blame *me*, Lord!

ADAM: You say You told us not to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil?

EVE: But that's just the point. Without the knowledge of good and evil, how were we to know?

BOTH: You can't blame *us*, Lord!

ADAM: You say You wanted us to *trust* You . . . to show that we loved You by *obeying* You?

EVE: That's asking an awful lot. We're still youngsters in the game of life.
Remember, You just made us. You don't really expect us to get it right the first time, do You?

BOTH: Maybe *You're* to blame, Lord.
(Pause) You don't think so? You think You made it very clear?

EVE: You think we understood Your warning?

BOTH: You mean You think *we're* responsible?
Oh, Lord, don't blame *me*!
(Spoken at the same time) **ADAM:** Maybe *her* . . . **EVE:** Maybe *him* . . .

BOTH: But certainly not *me*, Lord!

(ADAM strides off LC. EVE strides off RC.)

★★★★★

NARRATOR 1: Ah, the Blame Game!

NARRATOR 2: We've all played it . . .

NARRATOR 1: And we've all lost. Guilt squeezes our reasoning and freezes our hearts so we shout and snarl and arch our backs to defend ourselves.

NARRATOR 2: The rift makes us miserable and destroys our relationships.

BOTH: It alienates us from each other, the world in which we live, and the Creator who longs for us to have a relationship with Him.

BRING BACK THE MUSIC

(ADAM enters LC. EVE enters RC. Both plead humbly for restoration and redemption.)

BOTH: It's the silence, Lord . . .

EVE: Where there used to be music

ADAM: And rhythm

EVE: And song.

BOTH: (Pause). Silence . . .

EVE: Where we used to hear angels

ADAM: And planets

EVE: And stars

BOTH: Sing a symphony of joy. (Pause) Silence . . .

ADAM: Where lions

EVE: And llamas

ADAM: Camels

EVE: And cockatoos

ADAM: Used to talk with us

EVE: Laugh with us

BOTH: Celebrate with us. (Pause) Silence . . .

EVE: Where roses

ADAM: And rye grass

EVE: Waterfalls

ADAM: And fir trees

EVE: Used to play with us

ADAM: Clap for us

BOTH: Dance with us.

BOTH: (Pause) Silence . . . Where we used to talk to one another

EVE: Openly

ADAM: Freely

EVE: Tenderly.

ADAM: Without the cadence

EVE: The harmony

ADAM: The music . . .

BOTH: How can we go on? (Pause)

Dear Lord . . .

In a voiceless vacuum . . .

Please . . .

Bring back the music.

★★★★★

NARRATOR 1: It all started in Eden . . .

NARRATOR 2: Beauty, wonder, romance, harmony, love . . .

NARRATOR 1: Disobedience, guilt, cover-ups, the blame game, regret, despair . . .

NARRATOR 2: And longing. Endless longing. For what could have been a perfect paradise where we're loved and cherished . . .

NARRATOR 1: And where life runs smoothly. (*Pause.*)

NARRATOR 2: I often wish Eve had never eaten the forbidden fruit . . .

NARRATOR 1: Or that Adam had refused to eat the fruit Eve offered him.

NARRATOR 2: What would have happened then?

NARRATOR 1: No one knows. (*Pause.*) But I suspect Adam feared he would lose Eve.

NARRATOR 2: So Adam chose Eve over God?

NARRATOR 1: Possibly.

NARRATOR 2: Because he feared loneliness?

NARRATOR 1: Probably.

NARRATOR 2: But then discovered there's a loneliness that transcends human relationships with a gaping hole that only God can fill?

NARRATOR 1: (*Nods.*) Presumably.

NARRATOR 2: Just like we do.

NARRATOR 1: Precisely.

BOTH: (*Arms up in passionate prayer.*)

Dear Lord, In a voiceless vacuum,

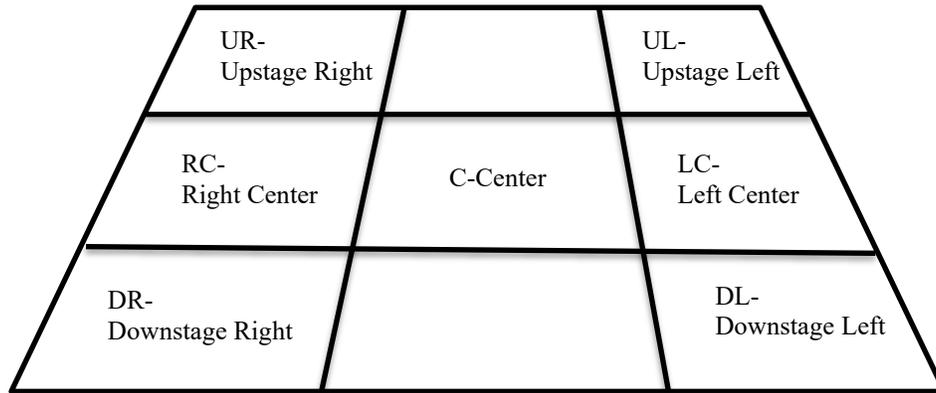
Please . . . (*Pause.*)

Bring back the music.

POSSIBLE MUSICAL FINALE: "God Gave The Song" by Ronn Huff, Gloria Gaither, William. J. Gaither

★★★★★

Stage Diagram



Audience