

Lights and Shadows

Volume 18 *Lights and Shadows* Volume 18

Article 18

1974

The Man Who Made the World

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Recommended Citation

Hill, D. (1974). The Man Who Made the World. *Lights and Shadows*, 18 (1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol18/iss1/18>

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Honorable Mention: One-Act Play
THE MAN WHO MADE THE WORLD
by Dean Hill

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

DR. CUSHMAN, a psychiatrist

THE RECEPTIONIST

MILLER, the man who made the world

(SCENE: Dr. Cushman's office. In it is a rather worn desk, a couple of uncomfortable-looking chairs, and, of course, a couch. Cheap reproductions of classic paintings hang on the wall. There is a window at the opposite end of the room from the desk. Dr. Cushman, wearing a rumpled blue suit, is asleep on the couch.)

INTERCOM ON DESK: Dr. Cushman!

DR. CUSHMAN: (awakening with a start): Whazzat!?!?

INTERCOM: Dr. Cushman!

(Dr. Cushman drags himself off the couch over to his desk, sits down, and pushes the intercom button.)

DR. CUSHMAN (sleepily): Yes?

INTERCOM: It's Mr. . . . Miller, for his two o'clock appointment.

DR. CUSHMAN: (stiffling a yawn): Send him in.

(The receptionist, a comely young thing, opens the door for Miller, who enters. He is dressed in soiled work clothes. The receptionist closes the door behind him.)

DR. CUSHMAN: (rising to shake hands): How do you—

MILLER: Don't botha gettin' up, Doc, I ain't gonna be here too long.

DR. CUSHMAN (sinking back into his chair): Well, have a seat anyway, Mr. . . . ah . . .

MILLER: Miller.

DR. CUSHMAN: Yes, Miller. Tell me, Mr. Miller, why won't you be here very long?

MILLER (sitting down gingerly on the edge of the couch): Cause I ain't crazy, that's why.

DR. CUSHMAN: Well, yes, of course, Mr. Miller, but you don't have to be "crazy" to come see a psychiatrist. You only—

MILLER: It weren't my ideer, anyways.

DR. CUSHMAN: What?

MILLER: It weren't my ideer to come here, ya see, my wife, she tole me to come.

DR. CUSHMAN: Oh, she did? What prompted her to render such advice?

MILLER: Huh?

DR. CUSHMAN: Why did she tell you to come see me?

MILLER: I think it was cause I tole her how I made the world and everthin'.

DR. CUSHMAN: You told her you . . .

MILLER: Made the world. I made the world.

DR. CUSHMAN: You did?

MILLER: Yeah, with the machine.

DR. CUSHMAN: The . . . machine?

MILLER: The world-makin' machine. I got it in my basement at home. It's runnin' right now.

DR. CUSHMAN: (taking a handkerchief from his pocket and mopping his brow): It is?

MILLER: Sure as hell is, and if it was to stop . . . **PIFFFT!**

DR. CUSHMAN: **PIFFFT!**

MILLER: **PIFFFT!** The world runs down and stops.

DR. CUSHMAN: Oh. (drums his fingers on the desk top for a few seconds) Mr. Miller, what about God?

MILLER (who has been looking at the pictures on the wall): Who?

DR. CUSHMAN (exasperated): **God**, Mr. Miller, Jehovah, Allah—you know, "Our Father who art in Heaven"?

MILLER (pleased): You like that, huh? I made that up along with all that other religious mumbo-jumbo. I thought it was, you know, one of my more better inspirated ideers.

DR. CUSHMAN (giving up): And the rest of the world?

MILLER: I thought it all up, ever bit. (scratches his head) Only you know, lately I been seein's how screwed up things are, I think mebbe I oughta overhaul that damn machine. Whadda you think, Doc?

DR. CUSHMAN (standing up): I think, Mr. Miller, that we should make some appointments for you to come by and see me. (opens appointment book) How about next—

MILLER (standing up, too): Hell, no, Doc. I **tole** you I ain't crazy! (looks at watch) Holy crap! Sorry to run, Doc, but it's almost two-thirty and I gotta get back and put some gas in that damn machine afore it runs down. Nice talkin' to ya!
(Miller rushes out of the office.)

DR. CUSHMAN (stands for a few seconds shaking his head, then walks over to couch and lays down): Jesus, what a nut.
(From the window comes the sound of screeching tires. The receptionist bursts into the room and runs to the window.)

RECEPTIONIST: Dr. Cushman! Dr. Cushman!

DR. CUSHMAN (tiredly): What it is?

RECEPTIONIST: It's Mr. Miller, Doctor! He's been hit by a car!

DR. CUSHMAN (sitting up): What?!?

RECEPTIONIST (gasps): Oh! Oh!

DR. CUSHMAN (stands): What is it? What is it?

RECEPTIONIST: Doctor, the sun . . . the sun

DR. CUSHMAN: What about the sun?

RECEPTIONIST (turns to face Cushman): It just . . . went out.

(And, one by one, the stage lights wink out until there is only one light on, shining on Dr. Cushman.)

DR. CUSHMAN (scratching his head): Gee, maybe he wasn't crazy, after all.

(Then the last stage light goes out, and all is dark.)