

The Clone Show

by Jon Lipsky

for the Museum of Science, Boston

© Museum of Science/Lipsky
1999

Note: This show has been produced as a whole and as three separate short plays. In the latter case, the prologue is performed before each.

Prologue

(Two actors, man with a white sheep's nose, woman with a black sheep's nose greet the audience without drawing any attention to their noses.)

Man: Hello? How are you? Welcome to our show (etc.)

Woman: Come sit down front. We're going to begin in just a minute (etc.)

(When the audience is seated)

Man & Woman: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to: The Clone Show.

Man: Not the clown show.

Woman: But the clone show. You all may have heard of the most famous clone:

-- Dolly, the sheep!

Man: Here's how Dolly, the first cloned superstar, was born. (physicalize the

following and after each mention of either sheep, actors “baahhh”)
A fertilized egg cell from a black faced sheep was painlessly removed from the mother.

Woman: And the center of that fertilized egg, it's nucleus -- holding all the DNA, all of the genetic material -- was carefully cut out.

Man: Then a mammary cell from a white faced sheep was removed and its nucleus was put inside the egg cell from the black faced sheep.

Woman: A mild electric shock stimulated the egg cell to start dividing and developing...

Man: And the egg was put back into the black faced sheep.

Woman: But the DNA, the genetic material, inside the egg was for a white faced sheep.

Both: Soooooo:

Man: 6 months later

Woman: Behold! Dolly, the cloned sheep, came bleating into the world.

(Shows picture of Dolly as a lamb)

Man: Born of a black faced sheep.

Woman: The identical twin of the white faced sheep who had donated DNA with a white-face gene.

(They take off their noses)

Both: Why was this important?

Man: The reason this is important is that with cloning, you take the best of a breed, whether it's prized sheep or a thoroughbred horse, and by cloning make sure you get a perfect copy.

Woman: What's more, some people hope that as genetic engineering becomes more and more useful as a way of creating plants and animals that benefit humans, cloning will give us the tool to mass produce the desired

characteristics.

Man: So that's the story of Dolly, and its true. But now we're going to go into the future.

Woman: We're going to imagine a future where this kind of cloning is commonplace.

Man: Actually we're going to imagine three futures which make-believe that its possible to clone human beings.

Woman: And even a future when genetic engineering is so advanced it might be possible to replace the genes in DNA...

Man: -- To change the characteristics that a baby might inherit.

Woman: These things cannot be done nowadays...

Man: -- and maybe they'll never come to pass...

Woman: But what if...?

Man: Yes, what if...?

Woman: Join us then in imagining these futures, one tragic, one comic, one weird.

(Reveals a sign: The New Birth, The Body Shop, The Living Will)

-- cause the future's not what it used to be and its moving awfully fast.

(Lights up for The New Birth)

Man: The first story we call: The New Birth. And it begins in the living room of an ordinary couple after the death of their infant baby.

The New Birth

WIFE: Don't!

HUSBAND: But...

WIFE: Don't talk to me.

HUSBAND: Maybe if we wait a little...

WIFE: It hurts so much.

HUSBAND: Give it time.

WIFE: I want my baby!

HUSBAND: She's dead!

WIFE: No.

HUSBAND: The baby is...

WIFE: Noooooo!!!

HUSBAND: Oh, God. I can't take much more of this. I--

WIFE: But don't you see... don't you see...

HUSBAND: If you say it one more time I'm out this house! I'm warning you!

WIFE: But we could bring her back.

HUSBAND: That's it I'm out of here!

WIFE: No no no, please just listen, please...

HUSBAND: No you listen to me. You think I don't miss her just as...

WIFE: Then why won't you...

HUSBAND: (simultaneously) Don't I see her bouncing in her jumper, splashing in the...

WIFE: Yes, I see her everywhere...

HUSBAND: (Furiously) And that's another thing... throw those damn things...

WIFE: Throw them out?

HUSBAND: Blankeys... Toys... All of em!

WIFE: But...but...don't you want another baby?

HUSBAND: I can't think about that now. Every night I go to bed: all I hear is her heart monitor, getting slower, and slower, and...

WIFE: Shhhh.... Shhhh...

(She holds him)

HUSBAND: Slower!

WIFE: Don't worry. We'll have our baby back.

HUSBAND: NO. No. It would be an abomination. A freak of...

WIFE: It would just be a baby.

HUSBAND: Margaret show some respect for the...

WIFE: Never! Death gets no respect from me. Death stole my...

HUSBAND: Then you'll never get over...

WIFE: No I never will! Not till I'm holding her again...

HUSBAND: Then you're lost. We're lost!

WIFE: Go on. Get out of here. Go to Donnelley's or whatever seedy little bar you bury yourself in. I don't need you. I can do it myself. Get out. Get out!!

HUSBAND: You can't do it yourself. But you keep this up you're going to have to .

WIFE: Oh yeah. I could get some other man. I could PAY some other man.

HUSBAND: What are you saying?

WIFE: It just has to be a fertilized egg. Doesn't matter who does it.

HUSBAND: Are you out of your mind?

WIFE: It would be Lili inside. That's all that counts.

HUSBAND: Her D.N.A. Her genetic code. That's all.

WIFE: That's enough.

HUSBAND: Margaret for godsake listen to yourself. Do you really want to go down this road.

WIFE: Don't you understand. Why doesn't anyone understand. I just want my baby back.

HUSBAND: It won't be our baby! You know that! A clone is no different than a twin...

WIFE: Yes a twin.

HUSBAND: But a twin is not the same...

WIFE: But a twin is very much the same...

HUSBAND: No, they're different...

WIFE: I know they're different...

HUSBAND: They just look alike...

WIFE: But they have so many of the same....

HUSBAND: But their spirit, their souls, their personalities...

WIFE: - -The same potential...

HUSBAND: Are completely different...

WIFE: I don't care! And I'm not crazy. I know she wouldn't be our baby. But at least something of Lili would live on in...

HUSBAND: Only in our minds.

WIFE: Yes in our minds. You want me cursing God for the rest of my...

HUSBAND: So you'll play God, to keep from cursing...

WIFE: Don't you get that superior air. You're just afraid.

HUSBAND: Afraid?

WIFE: Afraid to keep her memory alive. Afraid to mock death.

HUSBAND: Yes, mocking death scares the hell out of me. When I see you like this...

WIFE: Like what?

HUSBAND: Inside your own head. Did you ever think of the new baby? Did you ever think of her.

WIFE: What about her?

HUSBAND: She would always be Lili in your mind. She would always have to live up to your great loss, what a terrible burden...

WIFE: No, I would love her. I just want to love her...

HUSBAND: Then let Lili go.

WIFE: Nooo...

HUSBAND: Let her go.

WIFE: I can't. I can't.

HUSBAND: Why not?

WIFE: Because she deserves to make a difference in this world. If she could just have a second chance.

HUSBAND: If you could have a second chance, you mean. Don't deny it. You just don't want to deal with your grief. I know, I've been there...

WIFE: Oh yeah you've been down Donnelley's every night throwing back a few that's where you've been, and don't deny that!

HUSBAND: I-I'm sorry, I'm just trying to clear my mind...

WIFE: You deal in your way, I'll deal in mine.

HUSBAND: You're right. I-I'm not... I can't stand coming home to this. When there's nothing we can...

WIFE: But we can do something... All we need to do is sign the papers.

HUSBAND: They should never have told you this was possible? They should never have opened up this door?

WIFE: Why not? We have the power...

HUSBAND: A terrible power...

WIFE: No, just a comfort.

HUSBAND: -- over life and death! Don't you see. To make a copy of Lili, they're going to have to destroy another life.

WIFE: No?

HUSBAND: The potential for another...

WIFE: How?

HUSBAND: You can't put her DNA into an egg without taking DNA out. The DNA of another baby waiting to be born...

W (softening): Is there another baby waiting to be born...?

HUSBAND: I-I know. I've said I haven't wanted one...

WIFE: You haven't wanted anything. You can't even touch me.

HUSBAND: I don't know how.

WIFE: Just look at me.

HUSBAND: I can't, I want, listen I'm going to get it together. I'll stop the drinking and the self pity... Margaret, we can make a new life.

WIFE: I-thought you didn't want to...

HUSBAND: I just need more time.

WIFE: Until you forget her. I'll never forget her. I'll never...

HUSBAND: No, no, no we won't forget her. She'll live. In our hearts.

WIFE: That's not enough. Not enough! Ohhh...

HUSBAND: Shhh... shhhhh... It will be alright?

WIFE: How can I ever... What am I going to...?

HUSBAND: Stop! We'll find a way.

WIFE: What are you saying?

HUSBAND: Your way or my way, we'll do it together.

WIFE: Do you really mean it...?

HUSBAND: If Lili showed us anything it was how to love...

WIFE: A new baby!

HUSBAND: A new baby! But first...

(He holds her)

WIFE: First?

HUSBAND: We have to bury the dead.

(Pause)

WIFE: Yes, bury the dead.

HUSBAND: And lay her soul to rest.

(End of first play. Lights fade.
Actors address the audience.)

Woman: Every year in this country over 28,000 infants die in the first year of life. The grief of the mother and father knows no bounds. If the technology allowed the parents to conceive a baby who looked like, sounded

like, had the genetic potential of their dead baby, wouldn't these grieving mothers and fathers be tempted to shake heaven and earth to hold that new infant in their arms again.

What would you do? What do you think?

(discussion follows of what the audience would do in that situation.)

Man: A very different future is envisioned in our second scene:

(Changes the sign to: The Body Shop.)

-- which takes place in a slick-looking shop, in a seedy part of town.
Welcome to: The Body Shop.

The Body Shop

(A big poster of a happy couple with a happy baby with the logo: "Designer Baby")

Saleswoman: Well, well, well, step right in. And welcome to Designer Baby. The Genetic Engineering shop that will help you make the baby that's right for YOU! Oooo, welcome sir, you look like you have some mighty fine chromosomes. How can we help you here at the Body Shop.

Customer: Well, my wife and I...we're thinking of having a...you know...

Saleswoman: Baby! Congratulations. And where's your "better half" ha ha.

Customer: Oh, she would kill me if she knew I was shopping here.

Saleswoman: Why, we're a perfectly respectable place... We guarantee the quality of our genetic programming, and our procedures are all certified with the F.D.A.

Customer: well you know there are some pretty shady operations out there.

Saleswoman: Oh, I know. The Beauty Queens. The Music Masters. Their patents are far inferior to our own which have already been tested through three generations.

Customer: Three generations? Wow!

Saleswoman: Besides we have a full service department with all the characteristics you could hope for -- looks, brains, brawn you name it.

Customer: B-but can you guarantee that...

Saleswoman: Ha ha, my good sir, can I call you...

Customer: Stan.

Saleswoman: Stan, nothing in this life is guaranteed is it.

Customer: I know, but my baby...

Saleswoman: It's the old nurture versus nature. We can give you a race horse, but you got to put it through its paces.

Customer: But I've heard so many stories...

Saleswoman: Nonsense! We can give you whatever you want. Boy. Girl. Blue eyes, curly hair, good at algebra, good at Spanish. You name it.

Customer: My wife doesn't think it's natural.

Saleswoman: What's natural? Tell you what. What's the best thing about your wife?

Customer: Her cooking.

Saleswoman: I mean, natural thing about her.?

Customer: Well...she's a very good dancer.

Saleswoman: There you are. We can make sure your daughter has her mother's fine coordination.

Customer: You can?

Saleswoman: Of course. But then you have to teach the little darling how to tango. So tell me, what's your secret wish...

Customer: My...?

Saleswoman: Sure everybody's got a secret wish for his kid. A secret wish,

that someday you'd see your little girl or boy...(Customer: brightens) Your little boy! Flying an F16 saber... (tries again) playing Mozart sonatas at Carnegie... (tries again) winning the World Series... The Superbowl... The NBA playoffs! (Customer: brightens) Yes, Slam dunk. Two points. The championship is yours.

Customer: How-how can you do that...?

Saleswoman: Well, its quite simple really. You and your wife first have to do it.

Customer: What?

Saleswoman: It!

Customer: Oh.

Saleswoman: Or we can do it for you in a test tube if you prefer.

Customer: No no we're not that kind.

Saleswoman: So, then we harvest her fertilized egg -- perfectly painless -- and then you have a number of options. Plan A -- We simply check to see that the intended characteristic is in the egg and if not...

Customer: If not?

Saleswoman: We try again next month. Or Plan B, a lot more expensive -- We take the baby's chromosomes, splice out the old genes and replace them with the desired genes in the appropriate place.

(Suddenly excited)

You know, you're in luck. Talk about hereditary hoops! This month we got a special on "Gene Jordan".

Customer: What's Gene Jordan.

Saleswoman: It's our very own patented genetic copy of the late Michael Jordan's jumping genes. Just before he died, Michael gave us the exclusive rights to his Airness. Now your kid could truly Be Like Mike. "Gene Jordan" -- and at a price you can afford.

Customer: Gee, that sounds great. I-I was always a geek myself, two left feet...

Saleswoman: Not your kid. He won't have to suffer like you did. Remember that bully in Junior High?

Customer: (bitterly) Ronnie Tropp.

Saleswoman: Yeah, Ronnie Tropp. Made fun of you on the courts didn't he?

Customer: How'd you know?

Saleswoman: There's always a Ronnie Tropp. Not anymore. Your kid's gonna be a star!

Customer: I'll do it. I'll do it. Where do I sign?

(A form comes out)

Will my wife have to agree to it?

Saleswoman: Well, we're not suppose to do this, but we could just tell her we're checking for genetic defects?

Customer: Oh, good idea.

Saleswoman: Of course, if you want to go whole hog...

(Pause)

Customer: What?

Saleswoman: Never mind. This will do.

(pushes the pen forward)

Customer: What do you mean, "go whole hog"

Saleswoman: I've said too much already.

Customer: I demand to know the "whole hog." If you're a reputable business like you said...

Saleswoman: Okay, okay, Stanley, if you insist but its very expensive and only for our most exclusive customers.

Customer: What? What?

Saleswoman: Plan C. (big reaction)

Customer: Plan C?

Saleswoman: Look! Lets face it. You and your wife are fat and dumpy -- I'm not saying you are, but let's suppose -- there's no way we can turn your daughter into Marilyn Monroe. Suppose you and your wife are slow and stupid. No way you're gonna have an Albert Einstein. But suppose you could have a Marilyn Monroe look-alike, an Albert Einstein clone...

Customer: What are you saying?

Saleswoman: This is completely on the Q.T. of course, but we happen to have a stable of beautiful models, brilliant professors, Olympic athletes who have given us the exclusive rights to their genetic material. Stanley, your baby can be a true-copy of one of the most superior human beings on this planet.

Customer: Really? You mean they would look like, act like...?

Saleswoman: A twin of someone in the 99th percentile. You just got to pick the category. As a bonus incentive we can even do a little engineering on the side so everyone will still say how much they look like you!

Customer: Well, I'm...I'm overwhelmed I don't know what...?

Saleswoman: Just take a look over here...

(Takes out a book)

Here we got the list of all the top people in our gene pool.

Customer: Really? How interesting? Let me see...

Saleswoman: You'll recognize I'm sure a few famous names, like...

(Buyer slaps a pair of handcuffs on the Seller)

Hey! What?

Customer: You're under arrest, pal, for violations of Section 6D of the Federal Genetic Manipulation Code.

Saleswoman: This is outrageous. We run a respectable...

Customer: Save it for the Judge, pal. You know you're not allowed to traffic in illicit cloning services.

Saleswoman: I'm warning you. We have some very important...

(grabs the list)

Customer: Yeah, I'm gonna check them out too. Charge them with conspiracy if they're in on this.

Saleswoman: Listen mister, can't we talk. We're just trying to give people what they want.

Customer: Fraud. Your patents for brains and beauty and brawn are all bogus. You're promising too much. You should've stuck to blue eyes and birth defects, buster.

Saleswoman: How...how dare you! There's is not a single, fraudulent...

Customer: How about "Gene Jordan"? I bet you claim to have a hunk of Larry Bird DNA lying around too. You want me to dig up their graves and verify it?

(speaking into a hidden microphone on his lapel)

Okay, bring in the lab boys, let's mop up.

Saleswoman: No no, I confess, I confess. We just get our hoop genes from some college kids in the NCAA. Our beauty queens are just Hollywood starlets and our geniuses are just chess wonks. But where's the harm?

Customer: Where's the harm? Where's the HARM!? No one can guarantee beauty, brains, or brawn. Those systems are too complex. You are breaking the hearts of trusting moms and dads.

Saleswoman: No, no, not at all. You're the one's gonna break their hearts. All our customers -- they're always satisfied. Why I bet they'll even sue you for false arrest.

Customer: False arrest? How's that?

Saleswoman: It's human nature. We tell the parents their kids gonna grow up to be a genius, a superstar, a raving beauty, and they believe it. There ain't a mom or dad born on this earth, that don't think their little bubbala is a clone of the crown prince of the universe.

Customer: Oh, you think the public's that gullible.

Saleswoman: Not only gullible -- greedy and vain. Well, wouldn't you -- given your income -- take a chance on raising a child with the genetic genius of, say...

(Shows a portfolio)

-- William Gates, the world's wealthiest man in the 20th Century.

Customer: William Gates, hmm.

Saleswoman: Hmm. Maybe we could make a little deal here after all.

(He starts to get curious, looking at the material. Thinks better of it, and pushes the seller off:)

Customer: Giddoutahere, Lady. I'm closing you down!

(To the audience)

No one bribes the gene police!

(End of second play. Lights fade

Transition music. Lights change.

Actors address the audience.)

Man: Well, they were probably right to close her down. But suppose -- just suppose -- you could start introducing genes that would give your kids a

better chance to be smart, or fast or beautiful. Would you do it? What if everyone on your block was doing it?

(A discussion follows with the audience)

It's hard to imagine that even with advanced genetic engineering scientists would ever be able to manipulate genes enough to create manufactured human beings. At present we are still struggling with gene therapy which doesn't replace defective genes but merely introduces new genes to override the crippling effects of the bad ones. Sometimes it works sometimes it doesn't.

Woman: So now we come to our final future. A future we imagine where cloning could lead to some very peculiar family situations. Listen:

(Lights change.)

The scene takes place in the mansion of a very wealthy and reclusive gentleman.

The Living Will

Old Man: What's the matter, you look so shocked.

Young Woman: I thought I was answering an ad to be a mother, a...a...

Old Man: -- surrogate mother.

Woman: Yes.

Old Man: What's the difference?

Woman: There's a big difference.

Old Man: Not at all. You'll still deliver a baby. And be well paid for it.

Woman: No no no. I thought I was helping a woman, you know a woman who was...

Old Man: Infertile.

Woman: That's right. Or maybe a couple. I wouldn't mind that. I been a wet nurse before.

Old Man: Well, then, you understand.

Woman: No, no, it's not right.

Old Man: Don't I deserve help? Are infertile married couples the only ones who...?

Woman: But you could adopt a...

Old Man: I want my own. My own patrimony, my own inheritance, my own bloodline carried on. Have you no pity?

Woman: I got pity.

Old Man: Then why won't you help a childless old man.

Woman: It...It's not the same thing.

Old Man: Why not?

Woman: Because...because it's sick, that's why?

Old Man: Young lady, I would choose my words more carefully. I am not without resources.

Woman: I-I want to go home.

Old Man: Sit down! I am making you a very fair offer. You need only allow us to harvest your eggs. We will fertilize them in the laboratory -- and introduce the DNA from one of my cells into the nucleus. When we see a viable embryo beginning to form, the egg will be reintroduced into your womb. As soon as the baby is brought to term, you will give the infant up and receive your final payment. .

Woman: Wrap it up in any fancy words you please, but you want to make a copy of yourself... a... a...

Old Man: A clone, precisely.

Woman: But...but why?

Old Man: Why what?

Woman: Why would you want a baby that looked just like yourself.

Old Man: Why isn't that what everybody wants: "a spittin' image""chip off the old block," "apple doesn't' fall far from the tree."

Woman; Yes, but those are "children."

Old Man: These will be children too.

Woman: These? You're planning more than one?

Old Man (laughing): Oh yes, yes- a brood. Perhaps as many as half a dozen.

Woman: Half a dozen clones?

Old Man: Sons.

Woman : Exactly alike.

Old Man: Same as sextuplets.

Woman: All lookin like you.

Man; All sharing my genetic potential.

Woman: And whose gonna raise 'em.

Old Man: Well I will of course.

Woman: Are you crazy?

Old Man: No more than any starry-eyed skirt who falls in love with some pimply Romeo and breathlessly exclaims: oh, I want to have your babies.

Woman:: So...so let me get this straight. You're gonna get women like me to breed four five six little copies of yourself. Then you're gonna raise them yourself...

Old Man: With the help of my considerable staff...

Woman: Why stop there. Why not breed a football team. Why not breed an army.

Old Man: Yes, I see, you think I'm some madman trying to perfect a master race, but that both overestimates my resources and belittles my real purpose. I just want to do what all mothers and fathers want to do. To have my children carry on my name.

Woman: No no no, you don't just want your name, you want them to be you.

Old Man: Not at all. I just want to bequeath to them my fortune and my wisdom.

Woman: Wisdom, oh sure.

Old Man: I did not amass this fortune, miss, by being stupid. And my fortune does more good work in this world than you or a thousand others like you could possibly achieve in ten life times of selfless service. My children will at least have the same potential as I did to carry on my work. and I will do my best to raise them with the information and the values I hold dear.

Woman: You don't got values, you just got money. I don't know much, mister. But I do know this. Even kids who got your... your...

Old Man: Genes.

Woman: Yeah, genes. Even if they look like you, they ain't gonna think like you.

Old Man: I hope not. I hope they think for themselves, have new ideas, new aspirations. But at least I could share with them my experience. At least I could love them.

Woman: Is that what this is all about. You got no one to love.

Man (with great fervor): Would you rather I pass on my legacy to the government? To some faceless corporation. No! That will not happen. I will have heirs.

Woman: And what are you going to tell these... these "heirs" when they look into the mirror and see that Daddy has created a flock of freaks?

Old Man: Freaks! How dare you! You have no idea...! You think it's unnatural to want to carry on my genes. Why all of nature thus conspires. The peacocks feathers, the ram's horn, the chirp of the cricket, the smell of a

rose -- all these things have been designed by the Creator to carry on a
some creatures genes. Why even you... Look at you! The pretty dress, the
lipstick, the shape of your hips...

Woman: Get away from me.

Old Man: Sex itself has been invented.

Woman: Get away...

Old Man: Just to carry on your genes.

Woman: Please...

(She is cowering. He catches himself)

Old Man: I-I'm sorry. I-I didn't mean to scare you. Please, forgive me. I-I'm
not very good with people.

Woman: (putting herself together) I guess not.

Old Man: Too late, too late in life I realized that all my accomplishments will
turn to dust unless... Can't you understand...

Woman: Oh I understand. Why do you think I'm here. Why do you think I
even listen two seconds to your drivel.

Old Man: Yes. Why?

Woman: 'Cause I got four kids at home that got to be fed and I'd do anything
-- even humiliate myself to the likes of you -- to give them a better life.

Old Man: Good. (pause) So. (pause) Now that we've cleared the air.
(Pause) You'll do it?

Woman: Be your cow? Never. There's a vanity in this so bad I don't got a
name for it.

Old Man: Oh and I suppose you don't live vicariously through your children?

Woman: That's not what's driving you. You want to be those kids. You want
to multiple yourself.

Old Man: Be fruitful and multiply, just like the good book says, and what's wrong with that?

Woman: What's wrong with it? It's all about you? It's not about them?

Old Man: Are you sure it's so different for yourself. Are you really so certain that the mother hen is protecting her chicks, and not her genes. How old do you think I am.

Woman: (warily) I-I don't know, 70...? 80...?

Old Man: I'm a hundred and fifty four.

Woman: A hundred and...

Old Man: You have no idea the progress we have made to conquer old age. One of my corporations is pushing the envelope on genetic engineering, finding the genes that repair our damaged cells as we get older.

Woman: You're mad. Truly mad.

Old Man: -- and one day there will be an elite corps of elders who are our natural leaders simply because they have lived longer than anyone else. With a phone call, I could assure that one of your children could be among that elite. One of your children could be Methuselah.

Woman: Oh you're a clever one. A clever one.

` (Man writes a check)

Old Man: Here is your first check miss should you accept my offer. An insurance policy for your genes.

(She doesn't take the check)

Woman: Like I said, I don't know much, but I do know this. Throughout the ages, the rich have put themselves above the poor because their bloodlines they said were better than ours. And if people like you get control of the bloodlines, you're gonna use that power to keep us down.

Old Man: So which side do you want to be on? The rich or the poor?

(He holds out the check to her. She takes it. Looks at it)

Woman: There's a war coming mister. A terrible war between the haves and the have nots. When that war comes, I know which side I'm on.

(She rips up the check)

Old Man: Hah! Get out of here. You're a dime a dozen. There's a million girls like you out there just begging for a chance like this.

Woman: You got one thing right mister. There's a million girls like me out there.

(Pause)

Watch out!

(Lights change. Transition music.)

Man: Fortunately, these possibilities are far in the future if they are even technically possible. So far, we can't clone human beings, we can't clone ourselves, and we are certainly no where near understanding how to push back the aging process.

Woman: But suppose you could clone yourself. Would you want to? Suppose you could raise children in your image? Would you try?

Man: And suppose there was a gene therapy that could extend your life a hundred years? And suppose not everyone could afford it? What would happen then? Would that be fair?

(Audience discussion follows)

Woman: So that's it for now. Our plays are done, but cloning isn't. It's in our future. And if you want to talk about it, stick around. If not, please enjoy the rest of your stay at the Museum.

(They take a bow. Transition music)

END OF PLAY

