

Eurydice

FIRST MOVEMENT

Scene 1

*A young woman --- Orpheus --- and a young woman --- Eurydice.
They wear swimming outfits from the 1950s.
Orpheus makes a sweeping gesture with her arm, indicating the sky.*

Eurydice

All those birds? Thank you.

*She nods. They make a quarter turn and she makes a sweeping gesture,
Indicating an invisible sea.*

And --- the sea! For me? When?

Orpheus opens her hands.

Now? It's mine already?

Orpheus nods.

Wow.

They kiss. She indicates the sky.

Surely not --- surely not the sky and the stars too?!

Orpheus nods.

That's very generous.

Orpheus nods.

Perhaps too generous?

Orpheus shakes her head no.

Thank you

Now --- walk over there.

Orpheus walks in a straight line on an unseen boardwalk.

Don't look at me.

She turns her face away from hers and walks.

Now --- stop.

She stops

She runs and jumps into her arms.

She doesn't quite catch her and they fall down together.

She crawls on top of her and kisses her eyes.

What are you thinking about?

Orpheus

Music.

Eurydice

How can you think about music? You either hear it or you don't.

Orpheus

I'm hearing it then.

Eurydice

Oh.

Pause

I read a book today.

Orpheus

Did you?

Eurydice

Yes. It was very interesting.

Orpheus

That's good.

Eurydice

Don't you want to know what it was about?

Orpheus

Of course.

Eurydice

There were --- stories – about people's lives--- how some come out well --- and others come out badly.

Orpheus

Do you love the book?

Eurydice

Yes --- I think so.

Orpheus

Why?

Eurydice

It can be interesting to see if other people --- like dead people who wrote books --- agree or disagree with what you think.

Orpheus

Why?

Eurydice

Because it makes you – a larger part of the human community. It Had very interesting arguments.

Orpheus

Oh. And arguments that are interesting are good arguments?

Eurydice

Well --- yes.

Orpheus

I didn't know that an argument should be interesting. I thought it should be right or wrong.

Eurydice

Well, these particular arguments were very interesting.

Orpheus

Maybe you should make up your own thoughts. Instead of reading them in a book.

Eurydice

I do. I do think up my own thoughts.

Orpheus

I know you do. I love how you love books. Don't be mad.

Pause

I made up a song for you today.

Eurydice

Did you?!

Orpheus

Yup. It's not *interesting* or *not interesting*. It just --- is.

Eurydice

Will you sing it for me?

Orpheus

It has too many parts.

Eurydice

Let's go in the water.

*They start walking, arm in arm,
On extensive unseen boardwalks, toward the water.*

Orpheus

Wait --- remember this melody.

She hums a bar of melody.

Eurydice

I'm bad at remembering melodies. Why don't you remember it?

Orpheus

I have eleven other ones in my head, making for a total of twelve.
You have it?

Eurydice

Yes. I think so.

Orpheus

Let's hear it.

*She sings the melody.
She misses a few notes.
She's not the best singer in the world.*

Pretty good. The rhythm's a little off. Here --- clap it out.

She claps.

She claps the rhythmic sequence for her.

She tries to imitate.

She is still off.

Eurydice

Is that right?

Orpheus

We'll practice.

Eurydice

I don't need to know about rhythm. I have my books.

Orpheus

Don't books have rhythm?

Eurydice

Kind of. Let's go in the water.

Orpheus

Will you remember my melody under the water?

Eurydice

Yes! I WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOUR MELODY! It will be imprinted on my heart like wax.

Orpheus

Thank you.

Eurydice

You're Welcome. When are you going to play me the whole song?

Orpheus

When I get twelve instruments.

Eurydice

Where are you going to get twelve instruments?

Orpheus

I'm going to make each strand of your hair into an instrument.
Your hair will stand on end as it plays my music and become a hair
orchestra. It will fly you up into the sky.

Eurydice

I don't know if I want to be an instrument.

Orpheus

Why?

Eurydice

Won't I fall down when the song ends?

Orpheus

That's true. But the clouds will be so moved by your music that
They will fill up with water until they become heavy and you'll sit on one of and
fall gently down to the earth. How about that?

Eurydice

Okay.

*They stop walking for a moment.
They gaze at each other.*

Orpheus

It's settled then.

Eurydice

What is?

Orpheus

Your hair will be my orchestra and --- I love you.
Pause.

Eurydice

I love you, too.

Orpheus

How will you remember?

Eurydice

That I love you?

Orpheus

Yes

Eurydice

That's easy. I can't help it.

Orpheus

You never know. I'd better tie a string around your finger to remind you.

Eurydice

Is there string at the ocean?

Orpheus

I always have a string. In case I come upon a broken instrument.

She takes out a string from her pocket.

She takes her left hand.

This hand.

She wraps string deliberately around her fourth finger.

Is this too tight?

Eurydice

No --- it's fine.

Orpheus

There --- now you'll remember.

That's a very particular finger.

Eurydice

Yes.

Orpheus

You're aware of that?

Eurydice

Yes.

Orpheus

How aware?

Eurydice

Very aware.

Orpheus

Orpheus --- are we?

Eurydice

You tell me.

Orpheus

Yes.
I think so.

Eurydice

You *think* so?

Orpheus

I wasn't thinking.
I mean --- yes. Just: yes.

Eurydice

Yes?

Orpheus

Eurydice

Yes.

Orpheus

Yes!

Eurydice

Yes!

Orpheus

May our lives be full of music!

Music.

She picks her up and throws her into the sky.

Eurydice

Maybe you could also get me another ring --- a gold one --- to put Over the string one. You know?

Orpheus

Whatever makes you happy. Do you still have my melody?

Eurydice

It's right here.

She points to her temple.

They look at each other. A silence.

What are you thinking about?

Orpheus

Music.

Her face falls.

Just kidding. I was thinking about you. And music.

Eurydice

Let's go in the water. I'll race you!

She puts on her swimming goggles.

Orpheus

I'll race you!

Eurydice

I'll race you!

Orpheus

I'll race you!

Eurydice

I'll race you!

They race toward the water.

Scene 2

The Father, dressed in a gray suit, reads from a letter.

Father

Dear Eurydice,

A letter for you on your wedding day.

There is no choice of any importance in life but the choosing of a beloved. I haven't met Orpheus, but she seems like a serious young woman. I understand she's a musician.

If I were to give a speech at your wedding I would start with one or two funny jokes, and then I might offer some words of advice. I would say:

Cultivate the arts of dancing and small talk.

Everything in moderation.

Court the companionship and respect of dogs.

Grilling a fish or toasting bread without burning requires singleness of purpose, vigilance and steadfast watching.

Keep quiet about politics, but vote for the right person.

Take care to change the light bulbs.

Continue to give yourself to others because that's the ultimate satisfaction in life --- to love, accept, honor and help others.

As for me, this is what it's like being dead:
the atmosphere smells. And there are strange high-pitched noises --- like a tea kettle always boiling over. But it doesn't seem to bother anyone. And, for the most part, there is a pleasant atmosphere and you can work and socialize, muck like at home. I'm working in the business world and it seems that, here, you can better see the far-reaching consequences of your actions.

Also, I am one of the few dead people who still remembers how to read and write. That's a secret. If anyone finds out, they might dip me in the River again.

I write you letters. I don't know how to get them to you.

Love,
Your Father

He drops the letter as though into a mail slot.

It falls on the ground.

Wedding music.

In the underworld, the Father walks in a straight line as though he is walking his daughter down the aisle.

He is affectionate, then solemn, then glad, then amused, then solemn.

He looks at his imaginary daughter; he looks straight ahead; he Acknowledges the guests at the wedding; he gets choked-up; he looks at his daughter and smiles an embarrassed smile for getting choked-up.

He looks straight ahead, calm.

He walks.

Suddenly, he checks his watch. He exits, in a hurry.

Scene 3

Eurydice, by a water pump.

The noise of a party, from far off.

Eurydice

I hate parties.

And a wedding party is the biggest party of all.

All the guests arrived and Orpheus is taking a shower.

She's always taking a shower when the guests arrive so she doesn't have to greet them.

Then I have to greet them.

A wedding is for daughters and fathers. The mothers all dress up, trying to look like young women. But a wedding is for a father and a daughter. They stop being married to each other on that day.

I always thought there would be more interesting people at my wedding

She drinks a cup of water from the water pump.

A Nasty Interesting Man, wearing a trench coat, appears.

Man

Are you a homeless person?

Eurydice

No.

Man

Oh. I'm on my way to a party where there are really very interesting people. Would you like to join me?

Eurydice

No. I just left my own party.

Man

You were giving a party and you just --- left?

Eurydice

I was thirsty.

Man

You must be a very interesting person, to leave your own party like that.

Eurydice

Thank you.

Man

You mustn't care at all what other people think of you. I always say that's a mark of a really interesting person, don't you?

Eurydice

I guess.

Man

So would you like to accompany me to this interesting affair?

Eurydice

No, thank you, I just got married, you see.

Man

Oh --- lots of people do that.

Eurydice

That's true --- lots of people do.

Man

What's your name?

Eurydice

Eurydice.

He looks at her, hungry.

Man

Eurydice.

Eurydice

Good-bye, then.

Man

Good-bye.

*She exits. He sits by the water pump.
He notices a letter on the ground.
He picks it up and read it.
To himself:*

Dear Eurydice . . .

Musty dripping sounds.

Scene 4

*The father tries to remember how to do the jitterbug in the underworld.
He does the jitterbug with an imaginary partner.
He has fun.*

*Orpheus and Eurydice dance together at their wedding.
They are happy.
They have had some champagne.
They sing together.*

Orpheus and Eurydice

Don't sit under the apple tree
With anyone else but me
Anyone else but me
Anyone else but me
No no no.
Don't sit under the apple tree
With anyone else but me
Till I come marching home. . .

*On the other side of the stage,
the father checks his watch.
He stops doing the jitterbug.
He exits, in a hurry.*

Don't go walking down lover's lane
With anyone else but me.

Anyone else but me
Anyone else but me no no no.
Don't go walking down lover's lane
With anyone else but me
Till I come marching home . . .

Eurydice

I'm warm. Are you warm?

Orpheus

Yes!

Eurydice

I'm going to get a drink of water.

Orpheus

Don't got.

Eurydice

I'll be right back.

Orpheus

Promise?

Eurydice

Yes.

Orpheus

I can't stand to let you out of my sight today.

Eurydice

Silly goose.

They kiss.

Scene 5

*Eurydice at the water pump,
getting a glass of water.
The Nasty Interesting Man appears.*

Eurydice

Oh --- you're still here.

Man

Yes. I forgot to tell you something. I have a letter. Addressed to Eurydice --- that's you --- from your father.

Eurydice

That's not possible.

Man

He wrote down some thoughts --- for your wedding day.

Eurydice

Let me see.

Man

I left it at home. It got delivered to my elegant high-rise apartment by mistake.

Eurydice

Why didn't you say so before?

Man

You left in such a hurry.

Eurydice

From my father?

Man

Yes.

Eurydice

You're sure?

Man

Yes.

Eurydice

I knew he'd send something!

Man

It'll just take a moment. I live around the block. What an interesting dress you're wearing.

Eurydice

Thank you.

Scene 6

Orpheus, from the water pump.

Orpheus

Eurydice?

Eurydice!

Scene 7

The sound of a door closing.

The Interesting Apartment --- a giant loft space with no furniture.

Eurydice and the Man enter, Panting.

Man

Voilà

Eurydice

You're very high up.

Man

Yes. I am.

Eurydice

I feel a little faint.

Man

It'll pass.

Eurydice

Have you ever thought about installing an elevator?

Man

No. I prefer stairs.

I think architecture is so interesting. Don't you?

Eurydice

Oh, yes. So, where's the letter?

Man

But isn't this an interesting building?

Eurydice

It's so --- high up.

Man

Yes.

Eurydice

There's no one here. I thought you were having a party.

Man

I like to celebrate things quietly. With a few other interesting people. Don't you?

She tilts her head to the side and stares at him.

Would you like some champagne?

Eurydice

Maybe some water.

Man

Water it is! Make yourself comfortable.

*He switches on Brazilian mood music. He exits.
Eurydice looks around.*

Eurydice

I can't stay long!

She looks out the window. She is very high up.

I can see my wedding from here!
The people are so small --- they're dancing!
There's Orpheus!
She's not dancing.

Man

(Shouting from offstage) So, who's this guy you're marrying?

Eurydice

(Shouting) Her name is Orpheus.

As he attempts to open champagne off stage:

Man

Orpheus. Not a very interesting name. I've heard it before.

Eurydice

Maybe you've heard of her. She's kind of famous. She plays the most beautiful music in the world, actually.

Man

I can't hear you!

Eurydice

So the letter was delivered --- here --- today?

Man

That's right.

Eurydice

Through the post?

Man

It was --- mysterious.

The sound of champagne popping.

He enters with one glass of champagne.

Voilà.

He drinks the champagne.

So. Eurydice. Tell me one thing. Name me one person you find interesting.

Eurydice

Why?

Man

Just making conversation.

He sways a little to the music.

Eurydice

Right. Um --- all the interesting people I know are dead or speak French.

Man

Well, I don't speak French, Eurydice.

*He takes one step toward her.
She takes one step back.*

Eurydice

I'm sorry. I have to go. There's no letter, is there?

Man

Of course there's a letter. It's right here. *(He pats his breast pocket)*
Eurydice. I'm not interesting, but I'm strong. You could teach me to be interesting. I would listen. Orpheus is too busy listening to his own thoughts. There's music in his head. Try to pluck the music out and it bites you. I'll bet you had an interesting thought today, for instance.

She tilts her head to the side, quizzical.

I bet you're always having them, the way you tilt your head to the side and stare. . .

*She jerks her head back up.
Musty dripping sounds.*

Eurydice

I feel dizzy all of a sudden. I want my wife. I think I'd better go now.

Man

You're free to go, whenever you like.

Eurydice

I know.
I think I'll go now, in fact.
I'll just take my letter first, if you don't mind.

*She holds out her hand for the letter.
He takes her hand.*

Man

Relax.

She takes her hand away.

Eurydice

Good – bye.

She turns to exit.

He blocks the doorway.

Man

Wait. Eurydice. Don't go. I love you.

Eurydice

Oh no.

Man

You need to get yourself areal man. A man with broad shoulders like me. Orpheus has long fingers that would tremble to bet a bull or pluck a bee from a hive ---

Eurydice

How do you know about my wife's fingers?

Man

A man who can put his big arm around your little shoulders as he leads you through the crowd, a man who answers the door at par – ties. . . A man with big hands, with big stupid hands like potatoes, a man who can carry a cow in labor.

The Man backs Eurydice against the wall.

My lips were meant to kiss your eyelids, that's obvious!

Eurydice

Close your eyes, then!

He closes his eyes, expecting a kiss.

She takes the letter from his breast pocket.

*She slips by him and opens the door to the stairwell.
He opens his eyes.
She looks at the letter.*

It's his handwriting!

Man

Of course it is!

He reaches for her.

Eurydice

Good- bye.

*She runs for the stairs.
She wavers, off- balance, at the top of the stairwell.*

Man

Don't do that, you'll trip! There are six hundred stairs!

Eurydice

Orpheus!

From the water pump:

Orpheus

Eurydice!

*She runs, trips and pitches down the stairs, holding her letter.
She follows the letter down, down down . . .
Blackout.
A clatter. Strange sounds --- xylophones, brass band, sounds of falling,
sounds of vertigo.
Sounds of breathing.*

SECOND MOVEMENT

The underworld.

There is no set change.

Strange watery noises.

Drip, drip, drip.

*The movement to the underworld is marked
by the entrance of stones.*

Scene 1

The Stones

We are a chorus of stones.

Little Stone

I'm a little stone.

Big Stone

I'm a big stone.

Loud Stone

I'm a loud stone.

The Stones

We are all three stones.

Little Stone

We live with the dead people in the land of the dead.

Big Stone

Eurydice was a great musician. Orpheus was her wife.

Loud Stone

(Correcting Big Stone) Orpheus was a great musician. Eurydice was her wife. She died.

Little Stone

Then she played the saddest music.
Even we ---

The Stones

the stones ---

Little Stone

cried when we heard it.

The sound of three drops of water hitting a pond.

Oh, look,
She is coming into the land of the dead now.

Big Stone

Oh!

Loud Stone

Oh!

Little Stone

Oh!
We might say: "Poor Eurydice" ---

Loud Stone

but stones don't feel bad for
dead people.

*The sound of an elevator door ding.
An elevator door opens.
Inside the elevator, it is raining.
Eurydice gets rained on inside the elevator.
She carries a suitcase and an umbrella.
She is dressed in the kind of 1930's suit
that women wore when they eloped.
She looks bewildered.
The sound of an elevator ding.
Eurydice steps out of the elevator.
The elevator door closes.
She walks toward the audience and opens her mouth,
trying to speak.
There is a great humming noise.
She opens her mouth for the second time,
Attempting to tell her story to the audience.
There is a great humming noise.
She closes her mouth --- the humming noise stops.
She has a tantrum in despair.
The Stones, to the audience:*

The Stones

Eurydice wants to speak to you.
But she can't speak your language anymore.
She talks in the language of dead people now.

Little Stone

It's a very quiet language.

Loud Stone

Like if the pores in your face
opened up and talked.

Big Stone

Like potatoes sleeping in the dirt.

Little Stone and Loud Stone look at Big Stone as though that were a dumb thing to say.

Little Stone

Pretend that you understand her
or she'll be embarrassed.

Big Stone

Yes --- pretend for a moment
that you understand
the language of stones.

Loud Stone

Listen to her the way you would listen
to your own daughter
if she died young too
and tried to speak to you
across long distances.

*Eurydice shakes out her umbrella.
She approaches the audience.
This time, she can speak.*

Eurydice

There was a roar, and a coldness ---
I think my wife was with me.
What was my wife's name?

Eurydice turns to the Stones.

My wife's name? Do you know it?

The Stones shrug their shoulders.

How strange. I don't remember.
It was horrible to see her face

When I died. Her eyes were
two black birds
and they flew to me.
I said: no --- stay where you are ---
she needs you in order to see!
When I got through the cold
they made me swim in a river
and I forgot her name.
I forgot all the names.
I know her name starts with my mouth
shaped like a ball of twine ---
Oar --- oar.
I forget.
They took me to a tiny boat.
I only just fit inside.
I looked at the oars
and I wanted to cry.
I tried to cry but I just drooled a little.
I'll try now.

She tries to cry but finds that she can't.

What happiness it would be to cry.

She takes a breath.

I was not lonely
only alone with myself
begging myself not to leave my own body
but I was leaving.
Good – bye, head --- I said ---
it inclined itself a little, as though to nod to me
in a solemn kind of way.

She turns to the Stones.

How do you say good-bye to yourself?

They shake their heads.

A train whistle.

Eurydice steps onto a platform, surveying a large crowd.

A train!

Little Stone

The station is like a train but
there is no train.

Big Stone

The train has wheels that are not wheels.

Loud Stone

There is the opposite of a wheel and the
opposite of smoke and the opposite of a train

A train pulls away.

Eurydice

Oh! I'm waiting for someone to meet me, I think.

Eurydice's Father approaches and takes her baggage.

Father

Eurydice.

Eurydice

(To the Stones) At last, a porter to meet me!

(To the Father) Do you happen to know where the bank is? I need money. I've just arrived. I need to exchange my money at the Bureau de Change. I didn't bring traveler's checks because I left in such a hurry. They didn't even let me pack my suitcase. There's nothing in it! That's funny, right? Funny --- ha ha! I suppose I can buy new clothes here. I would *really* love a bath.

Father

Eurydice!

Eurydice

What is that language you're speaking? It gives me tingles. Say it again.

Father

Eurydice!

Eurydice

Oooh --- it's like a fruit! Again!

Father

Eurydice --- I'm your father.

Eurydice

(Strangely imitating) Eurydice --- I'm your father! How funny! You remind me of something but I can't understand a word you're saying. Say it again!

Father

Your father.

The Stones

(To the Father) Shut up, shut up!
She doesn't understand you.
She's dead now, too.
You have to speak in the language of the stones.

Father

(To Eurydice) You're dead now. I'm dead, too.

Eurydice

Yes, that's right. I need a reservation. For the fancy hotel.

Father

When you were alive, I was your father.

The Stones

Father is not a word that dead people understand.

Big Stone

He is what we call subversive.

Father

When you were alive, I was your tree.

Eurydice

My tree! Yes, the tall one in the backyard! I used to sit all day in its shade!

She sits at the feet of her father.

Ah --- there--- shade!

Little Stone

There is a problem here.

Eurydice

Is there any entertainment at the hotel? Any dancing ladies? like with the great big fans?

Father

I named you Eurydice. Your mother named all the other children. But Eurydice I chose for you.

Big Stone

Be careful, sir.

Father

Eurydice. I wanted to remember your name. I asked the Stones. They said: forget the names --- the names make you remember.

Loud Stone

We told you how it works!

Father

One day it would not stop raining.

I heard your name inside the rain--- somewhere between the drops --- I saw failing letters. Each letter of your name I began to translate.

E --- I remembered elephants. U --- I remembered ulcers and under. R --- I remembered reindeers. I saw them putting their black noses into snow. Y--- youth and yellow. D --- dog, dig, daughter, day. Time poured into my head. The days of the week. Hours, months. . .

Eurydice

The tree talks so beautifully.

The Stones

Don't listen!

Eurydice

I feel suddenly hungry! Where is the porter who met me at the station?

Father

Here I am.

Eurydice

I would like a continental breakfast, please. Maybe some rolls and butter. Oh --- and jam. Please take my suitcase to my room, if you would.

Father

I'm sorry, miss, but there are no rooms here.

Eurydice

What? No rooms? Where do people sleep?

Father

People don't sleep here.

Eurydice

I have to say that I'm very disappointed. It's been such a tiring day. I've been traveling all day --- first on a river, then on an elevator that

rained, then on a train . . . I thought someone would meet me at the station. . .

Eurydice is on the verge of tears.

The Stones

Don't cry! Don't cry!

Eurydice

I don't know where I am and there are all these stones and I hate them! They're horrible! I want a bath! I thought someone would meet me at the station!

Father

Don't be sad. I'll take your luggage to your room.

The Stones

THERE ARE NO ROOMS!

He pucks up her luggage.

He gives the Stones a dirty look.

The sound of water in rusty pipes.

Scene 2

Orpheus writes a letter to Eurydice

Orpheus

Dear Eurydice,

I miss you,

No --- that's not enough.

She crumples up the letter.

She writes a new letter.

She thinks.

She writes:

Dear Eurydice,

Symphony for twelve instruments.

A pause.

She hears music in her head.

She conducts.

Love,

Orpheus

She drops the letter as though into a mail slot.

Intermission

Scene 3

The Father creates a room out of string for Eurydice.

He makes four walls and a door out of string.

Time passes.

It takes time to build a room out of string.

There isn't much to observe.

She plays hop-scotch without chalk.

Every so often,

the Father looks at her,

happy to see her,

while he makes her room out of string.

She looks back at him, polite.

Scene 4

The Father has completed the string room.

He gestures for Eurydice to enter.

She enters with her suitcase.

Eurydice

Thank you. That will do.

*She nods to her Father.
He doesn't leave.*

Oh.
I suppose you want a tip.

He shakes his head no.

Would you run a bath for me?

Father

Yes, miss.

*He exits the string room.
Eurydice opens her suitcase.
she is surprised to find nothing inside.
She sits down inside her suitcase.*

Scene 5

Orpheus

Dear Eurydice,
I love you. I'm going to find you. I play the saddest music
now that you're gone. You know I hate writing letters. I'll
give you this letter to a worm. I hope he finds you.
Love,
Orpheus

He drops the letter as though into a mail slot.

Scene 6

The Father enters the string room with a letter on a silver tray.

Father

There is letter for you, miss.

Eurydice

A letter?

He nods

A letter.

He hands her the letter.

It's addressed to you.

Eurydice

There's dirt on it.

Eurydice wipes the dirt off the letter.

She opens it.

She scrutinizes it.

She does not know how to read it.

*She puts it on the ground, takes off her shoes,
stands on the letter and shuts her eyes.*

*She thinks, without language for the thought,
the melody There's no place like home . . .*

Father

Miss.

Eurydice

What is it?

Father

Would you like me to *read* you the letter?

Eurydice

Read me the letter?

Father

You can't do it with your feet.

The Father guides her off the letter, picks it up and begins to read.

It's addressed to Eurydice. That's you.

Eurydice

That's you.

Father

You.

It says: I love you.

Eurydice

I love you?

Father

It's like your tree.

Eurydice

Tall?

The Father considers.

Green?

Father

It's like sitting in the shade.

Eurydice

Oh.

Father

It's like sitting in the shade with no clothes on.

Eurydice

Oh! ---- yes.

Father

(Reading) I'm going to find you. I play the saddest music ---

Eurydice

Music?

He whistles a note.

Father

It's like that.

She smiles.

Eurydice

Go on.

Father

You know I hate writing letters. I'll give this letter to a worm. I hope he finds you.

Love,
Orpheus

Eurydice

Orpheus?

Father

Orpheus.

A pause.

Eurydice

That word!
It's like --- I can't breathe.
Orpheus! My wife.

Scene 7

Orpheus

Dear Eurydice,
Last night I dreamed that we climbed Mount Olympus and
we started to make love and all the strands of your hair were

little faucets and water was streaming out of your head and I said, why is a water coming out of your hair? And you said, gravity is very compelling.

And then we jumped off Mount Olympus and flew through the clouds and you held your knee to your chest because you skinned it on a sharp cloud and then we fell into a salty lake. Than I woke up and the window frightened me and I thought: Eurydice is dead. Then I thought --- who is Eurydice? Then the whole room started to float and I thought: what are people? Then my bed clothes smiled at me with a crooked green mouth and I thought: who am I? It scares me, Eurydice.

Please come back.

Love,
Orpheus

Scene 8

Eurydice and her father in the string room.

Father

Did you get my letters?

Eurydice

No! You wrote letters?

Father

Every day.

Eurydice

What did they say?

Father

Oh --- nothing much. The usual stuff.

Eurydice

Tell me the names of my mother and brothers and sisters.

Father

I don't think that's a good idea. It will make you sad.

Eurydice

I want to know.

Father

It's a long time to be sad.

Eurydice

I'd rather be sad.

The Stones

Being sad is not allowed! Act like a stone.

Scene 9

Time shifts.

Eurydice and her father in the string room.

Eurydice

Teach me another.

Father

Ostracize.

Eurydice

What does it mean?

Father

To exclude. The Greeks decided who to banish. They wrote the name of the banished person on a white piece of pottery called ostrakon.

Eurydice

Ostrakon.
Another.

Father

Peripatetic. From the Greek. It means to walk slowly, speaking of weight matters, in bare feet.

Eurydice

Peripatetic: a learned fruit, wandering through the snow.
Another.

Father

Defunct.

Eurydice

Defunct.

Father

It means dead in a very abrupt way, Not the way I died, which was slowly. But all at once, in cowboy boots.

Eurydice

Tell me a story of when you were little.

Father

Well, there was the time your uncle shot at me with a BB gun and I was mad at time so I swallowed a nail.
Then there was the time I went to a dude ranch and I was riding a horse and I lassoed a car. The lady driving the car got out and spanked me. And your grandmother spanked me, too.

Eurydice

Remember the Christmas when she gave me a doll and I said, "If I see one more doll I'm going to throw up"?

Father

I think Grammy was a little surprised when you said that.

Eurydice

Tell me a story about your mother.

Father

The most vivid recollection I have of Mother was seeing her at parties in the house playing piano. When she was youngest she was extremely animated. She could really play the piano. She could play everything by ear. They called her Flaming Sally.

Eurydice

I never saw Grammy play the piano.

Father

She was never the same after my father died. My father was a very gentle man.

Eurydice

Tell me a story about your father.

Father

My father and I used to duck hunt. He would call up old Frank the night before and ask, "Where are the ducks moving tonight?" Frank was a guide and a farmer. Old Frank, he could really call the ducks. It was hard for me to kill the poor little ducks, but you get caught up in the fervor of it. You'd get as many as ten ducks. If you went over the limit --- There were only so many ducks per person --- Father would throw the ducks to the side of the creek we were paddling on and make sure there was no game warden. If the warden was gone, he'd run back and get the extra ducks and throw them in the back of the car. My father was never a great conversationalist, but he loved to rhapsodize about hunting. He would always say, if I ever have to die, it's in a duck pond. And he did.

Eurydice

There was something I always wanted to ask you. It was --- how to do something --- or --- a story --- or someone's name --- I forget.

Father

Don't worry. You'll remember. There's plenty of time.

Scene 10

Orpheus writes a letter.

Orpheus

Dear Eurydice,
I wonder if you miss reading books in the underworld.

*Orpheus holds the Collected Works of Shakespeare
with a long string attached.
She drops it slowly to the ground.*

Scene 11

Eurydice holds the Collected Works of Shakespeare.

Eurydice

What is this?

*She opens it. She doesn't understand it.
She throws the book on the ground.*

What are you?

*She is wary of it, as though it might bite her.
She tries to understand the book.
She tries to make the book do something.
To the book:*

What do you do?
What do you DO?
Are you a think or a person?
Say something!
I hate you!

She stands on the book, trying to read it.

Damn you!

She throws the book at the Stones.

They duck.

The Stones

That is not allowed!

Drops of water.

Time passes.

The Father picks up the book.

He brushes it off.

The Father teaches Eurydice how to read.

She looks over his shoulder as he reads out loud from King Lear.

Father

We two alone will sing like birds in the cage.

When thou dost ask my blessing, I'll kneel down

And ask of thee forgiveness; so we'll live,

And pray and sing. . .

Scene 12

Orpheus, with a telephone.

Orpheus

For Eurydice --- E,U,R,Y --- that's right. No, there's no last name. It's not like that. What? No, I don't know the country. I don't know the city either. I don't know the street. I don't know --- it probably starts with a vowel. Could you just --- would you mind checking please --- I would really appreciate it. You can't enter a name without a city? Why not? Well, thank you for trying. Wait --- miss --- it's a special case. She's dead. Well, thank you for trying. You have a nice day, too.

She hangs up.

I'll find you. Don't move!

She fingers a glow-in-the-dark globe, looking for Eurydice.

Scene 13

Eurydice and her father in the string room.

Eurydice

Tell me another story of when you were little.

Father

Let's see.

There was my first piano recital. I was playing "I Got Rhythm."
I played the first few chords and I couldn't remember the rest.
I ran out of the room and locked myself in the bathroom.

Eurydice

Then what happened.

Father

Your grandmother pulled me out of the bathroom and made me
apologize to everyone in the auditorium. I never played piano
after that. But I still know the first four chords --- let's see ---

He plays the chords in the air with his hands.

Da Da Dee Da
Da Da Dee Da
Da Da Dee Da. . .

Eurydice

What are the words?

Father

I can't remember
Let's see. . .

Da Da *Dee* Da
Da Da *Dee* da. . .

They both start singing to the tune of "I Got Rhythm":

Father and Eurydice

Da da *Dee* Da
Da da *Dee* Da
Da da *Dee* Da
Da dee da da doo dee dee da.

Da da DA da
Da da Da da
DA DA da Da
Da da da . . .

Da da *Dee* Da
Da da *dee* da. . .

The Stones

WHAT IS THAT NOISE?

Little Stone

Stop singing!

Loud Stone

STOP SINGING!

Big Stone

Neither of you can carry a tune.

Little Stone

It's awful.

The Stones

DEAD PEOPLE CAN'T SING!

Eurydice

I'm not very good singer.

Father

Neither am I.

The Stones

(To the Father) Stop singing and go to work!

Scene 14

The Father leaves for work.

He takes his briefcase.

He waves to Eurydice.

She waves back.

She is alone in the string room.

She touches the string.

A child. the Lord of the Underworld, enters on his red tricycle.

Music from the heavy metal band accompanies his entrance.

His clothes and his hat are too small for him.

He stops pedaling at the entrance to the string room.

Child

Knock, Knock.

Eurydice

Who's there?

Child

I am Lord of the Underworld.

Eurydice

Very funny.

Child

I am.

Eurydice

Prove it.

Child

I can do chin-ups inside your bones. Close your eyes.

She closes her eyes.

Eurydice

Ow.

Child

See?

Eurydice

What do you want?

Child

You're pretty.

Eurydice

I'm dead.

Child

You're pretty.

Eurydice

You're little.

Child

I grow downward. Like a turnip.

Eurydice

What do you want?

Child

I wanted to see if you were comfortable.

Eurydice

Comfortable?

Child

You're not itchy?

Eurydice

No.

Child

That's good. Sometimes our residents get itchy. Then I scratch them.

Eurydice

I'm not itchy.

Child

What's all this string.

Eurydice

It's my room.

Child

Rooms are not allowed!
(*To the Stones*) Tell her.

The Stones

Rooms are not allowed!

Child

Who made your room?

Eurydice

My father.

Child

Fathers are not allowed! Where is he?

Eurydice

He's at work.

Child

We'll have to dip you in the river again and make sure you're good and dunked.

Eurydice

Please, don't.

Child

Oooh --- say that again. It's nice.

Eurydice

Please don't.

Child

Say it in my ear.

Eurydice

(Toward his ear) Please, don't.

Child

I like that.

(A seduction) I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!

He blows on her face.

I mean that in the nicest possible way.

Eurydice

I have a wife.

Child

Wives are for children. You need a lover. I'll be back.

To the Stones:

See that's she's . . . comfortable.

The Stones

We will!

Child

Good-bye.

Eurydice

Good-bye.

The Stones

Good-bye.

Child

I'm growing. Can you tell? I'm growing!

He laughs his hysterical laugh and speeds away on his red tricycle.

Scene 15

A big storm. The sound of rain on a roof.

Orpheus in a rain slicker.

Shouting above the storm:

Orpheus

If a drop of water enters the soil
at a particular angle, with a particular pitch,
what's to say a man can't ride one note
into the earth like a fireman's pole?

She puts a bucket on the ground to catch rain falling.

She looks at the rain falling into the bucket.

*She tunes her guitar, trying to make the pitch of each note
correspond with the pitch of each water drop.*

*Orpheus wonders if one particular pitch
might lead her to the underworld.*

*Orpheus wonders if the pitch
she is searching for might*

*correspond to the pitch of a drop
of rain, as it enters the soil.
A pitch.*

Eurydice --- did you hear that?

Another pitch.

Eurydice? That's the note. That one, right there.

Scene 16

Eurydice and her father in the string room.

Eurydice

Orpheus never liked words. She had her music She would get a funny look on her face and I would say what are you thinking about and she would always be thinking about music.

If we were in a restaurant, sometimes I would get embarrassed because Orpheus looked sullen and wouldn't talk to me and I thought people felt sorry for me. I should have realized that women envied me. Their husbands talked too much.

But I wanted to talk to her about my notions. I was working on a new philosophical system. It involved hats.

This is what it is to love an artist The moon is always rising above your house. The houses of your neighbors look dull and lacking in moonlight. But she is always going away from you. Inside her head there is always something more beautiful.

Orpheus said the mind is a slide ruler. It can fit around anything. Words can mean anything. Show me your body, she said. It only means one thing.

She looks at her father, embarrassed for revealing too much.

Or maybe two or three things. But only one thing at a time.

Scene 17

Orpheus

Eurydice!

Before I go down there, I won't practice my music. Some say practice. But practice is a word invented by cowards. The animals don't have a word for practice. A gazelle does not run for practice. He runs because he is scared or he is hungry. A bird doesn't sing for practice. She sings because she's happy or sad. So I say: store it up. The music sounds better in my head than it does in the world. When songs are pressing against my throat, then, only then, I will go down and sing for the devils and they will cry through their parched throats.

Eurydice, don't kiss a dead man, their lips look red and tempting but put your tongue in their mouths and it tastes like oatmeal. I know how much you hate oatmeal.

I'm going by the way of death.

Here is my plan: tonight, when I go to bed, I will turn off the light and put a straw in my mouth. When I fall asleep, I will crawl through the straw and my breath will push me like a great wind into the darkness and I will sing your name and I will arrive. I have consulted the almanacs, the footstools, and the architects, and everyone agrees. Wait for me.

Love,
Orpheus

Scene 18

Eurydice

I got a letter. From Orpheus.

Father

You sound serious. Nothing wrong I hope.

Eurydice

No.

Father

What did she say?

Eurydice

She says she's going to come find me.

Father

How?

Eurydice

She's going to sing.

Scene 19

Darkness.

An unearthly light surrounds Orpheus.

She holds a straw up to get lips in slow motion.

She blows into the straw.

The sound of breath.

She disappears.

Scene 20

The sound of a knock.

Little Stone

Someone is knocking!

Big Stone

Who is it?

Loud Stone

Who is it?

The sound of three loud knocks, insistent.

The Stones

NO ONE KNOCKS AT THE DOOR OF THE DEAD!

THIRD MOVEMENT

Scene 1

Orpheus stands at the gates of hell.

She opens her mouth.

She looks like she's singing, but she's silent.

Music surrounds her.

*The melody Orpheus hummed in the first scene,
repeated over and over again.*

Raspberries, peaches and plums drop from the ceiling into the River.

Orpheus keeps singing.

The Stones weep.

They look at their tears, bewildered.

Orpheus keeps singing.

The child comes out of a trapdoor.

Child

Who are you?

Orpheus

I am Orpheus.

Child

I am Lord of the Underworld.

Orpheus

But you're so young!

Child

Don't be rude.

Orpheus

Sorry.

Did you like my music?

Child

No. I prefer happy music with a nice beat.

Orpheus

Oh.

Child

You've come for Eurydice.

Orpheus

Yes!

Child

And you thought singing would get you through the gates of Hell.

Orpheus

See here. I want my wife.

What do I have to do.

Child

You'll have to do more than sing.

Orpheus

I'm not sure what you mean, sir.

Child

Start walking home. Your wife just might be on the road behind you. We make it real nice here. So people want to stick around.

As you walk, keep your eyes facing front. if you look back at her --- poof! She's gone.

Orpheus

I can't look at her?

Child

No.

Orpheus

Why?

Child

Because.

Orpheus

Because?

Child

Because.

Do you understand me?

Orpheus

I look straight ahead. That's all.

Child

Yes.

Orpheus

That's easy.

Child

Good.

The child smiles. He exits.

Scene 2

Eurydice and her father.

Eurydice

I hear her at the gates! That's her music!
She's come to save me!

Father

Do you want to go with her?

Eurydice

Yes, of course!
Oh --- You'll be lonely, won't you?

Father

No, no. You should go to your wife. You should have grandchildren. You'll all come down and meet me one day.

Eurydice

Are you sure?

Father

You should love your family until the grapes grow dust on their purple face.
I'll take you to her.

Eurydice

Now?

Father

It's for the best.

He takes her arm.

They process, arm in arm, as at a wedding.

Wedding music.

*They are solemn and glad.
They walk.
They see Orpheus up ahead.*

Is that her?

Eurydice

Yes --- I think so ---

Father

Her shoulders aren't very broad. Can she take care of you?

Eurydice nods.

Are you sure?

Eurydice

Yes.

Father

There's one thing you need to know. If he turns around and sees you, you'll die a second death. Those are the rules. So step quietly. And don't cry out.

Eurydice

I won't.

Father

Good-bye.

They embrace.

Eurydice

I'll come back to you. I seem to keep dying.

Father

Don't let them dip you in the River too long, the second time.
Hold your breath.

Eurydice

I'll look for a tree.

Father

I'll write you letters.

Eurydice

Where will I find them?

Father

I don't know yet. I'll think of something. Good-bye, Eurydice.

Eurydice

Good-bye.

They move away.

The Father waves.

She waves back,

as though on an old steamer ship.

The Father exits.

Eurydice takes a deep breath.

She takes a big step forward toward the audience,

on an unseen gangplank.

She is brave.

She takes another step forward.

She hesitates.

She is all of a sudden not so brave.

She is afraid.

She looks back.

She turns in the direction of her father,

her back to the audience.

He is out of sight.

Wait, come back!

Little Stone

You can't go back now, Eurydice.

Loud Stone

Face forward!

Big Stone

Keep walking.

Eurydice

I'm afraid!

Loud Stone

Your wife is waiting for you, Eurydice.

Eurydice

I don't recognize her! That's a stranger!

Little Stone

Go on. It's her.

Eurydice

I want to go home! I want my father!

Loud Stone

You're all grown-up now. You have a wife.

The Stones

TURN AROUND!

Eurydice

Why?

The Stones

BECAUSE!

Eurydice

That's a stupid reason.

Little Stone

Orpheus braved the gates of hell to find you.

Loud Stone

He played the saddest music.

Big Stone

Even we ---

The Stones

The stones ---

Little Stone

cried when we heard it.

Eurydice turns slowly facing front.

Eurydice

That's Orpheus?

The Stones

Yes, that's her!

Eurydice

Where's her music?

The Stones

It's in your head.

Orpheus walks slowly, in a straight line, with the focus of a tightrope walker.

Eurydice moves to follow her. She follows her, several steps behind.

THEY WALK.

Eurydice follows her with precision, one step for every step she takes.

She makes a decision. She increases her pace.

She takes two steps for every step that Orpheus takes.

She catches up to her.

Eurydice

Orpheus?

*She turns toward her, startled.
Orpheus looks at Eurydice.
Eurydice looks at Orpheus.
The world falls away.*

Orpheus

You startled me.

*A small sound --- ping.
They turn their faces away from each other, matter-of-fact, compelled.
The lights turn blue.*

Eurydice

I'm sorry.

Orpheus

Why?

Eurydice

I don't know.

Syncopated:

Orpheus

You always clapped your hands
On the third beat
You couldn't wait for the fourth.
Remember---
I tried to teach you---

you were always one step ahead
of the music
your sense of rhythm---
it was --- off---

Eurydice

I could never spell the word
rhythm---
it is such a difficult
word to spell---
r---y---no---there's an H in
it---
somewhere--- a breath---
rhy---rhy---
rhy---

Orpheus

I would say clap on the downbeat---
no, the downbeat---

It's dangerous not
to have a sense of rhythm.
You *lose* things when you can't
keep a simple beat---
why'd you have to say my name---
Eurydice ---

Eurydice

I'm sorry.

Orpheus

I know we used to fight---
it seems so silly now---if---

Eurydice

If ifs and ands were pots and pans
there'd be no need for tinkers---

Orpheus

Why?

*They begin walking away from each other
on extensive unseen boardwalks.,
their figures long shadows,
looking straight ahead.*

Eurydice

If ifs and ands were pots and pans
there'd be no need for tinkers---

Orpheus

Eurydice---

Eurydice

I think I see the gates.
The stones---the boat---
it looks familiar---
the stones look happy to see me---

Orpheus

Don't look---

Eurydice

Wow! That's the happiest I've ever seen them!

Syncopated:

Orpheus

Think of the things we did

We went ice-skating---

I wore a red sweater---

Eurydice

Everything is so gray---

it looks familiar---

like home---

our house was---

gray---with a red door---

we had two cats

and two dogs

and two fish

that died---

Orpheus

Will you talk to me!

Eurydice

The train looks like

the opposite of a train---

Orpheus

Eurydice!

WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR CENTURIES!

I want to reminisce!

Remember when you wanted your name in a song

so I put your name in a song---

When I played my music

at the gates of hell

I was singing your name

over and over and over again.

Eurydice.

She grows quiet.
They walk away from each other on extended lines
until they are out of sight.

Scene 3

The Stones

Finally.
Some peace.

Loud Stone

And quiet.

The Stones

Like the old days.
No music.
No conversation.
How about that.

A pause.

Father

With Eurydice gone it will be a second death for me.

Little Stone

Oh, please, sir---

Big Stone

We're tired.

Father

Do you understand the love a father has for his daughter?

Little Stone

Love is a big, funny word.

Big Stone

Dead people should be seen and not heard.

*The Father looks at the Stones.
He looks at the string room.
He dismantles the string room,
matter-of-fact.
There's nothing else to do.
This can take time.
It takes time to dismantle a room made of string.
Music.
He sits down in what used to be the string room.*

Father

How does a person remember to forget.
It's difficult.

Loud Stone

It's not difficult.

Little Stone

We told you how it works.

Loud Stone

Dip yourself in the river.

Big Stone

Dip yourself in the river.

Little Stone

Dip yourself in the river.

Father

I need directions.

Loud Stone

That's ridiculous.

Big Stone

There are no directions.

A pause.

The Father thinks.

Father

I remember.

Take Tri-State South 294---

to Route 88 West.

You'll go over a bridge.

Go three miles and you'll come

to the exit for middle Road.

Proceed three to four miles.

Duck Creek Park will be on the right.

Take a left on Fernwood. Avenue.

Continue straight on Fernwood past

two intersections.

Go straight.

Fernwood will curve to the right leading

you to Forest Road.

Go two blocks.

Pass the first entrance to the alley on the right.

You'll go about a hundred yards/

A red brick house will

be on the right.

Look for the Illinois license plates.

Go inside the house.

In the living room,

look out the window.

You'll see the lights on the Mississippi River.

Take off your shoes.

Walk down the hill.

You'll pass a tree good for climbing on the right.
Cross the road.
Watch for traffic.
Cross the train tracks.
Catfish are sleeping in the mud, on your left.
Roll up your jeans.
Count to ten.
Put your feet in the river
and swim.

*He dips himself in the river.
A small metallic sound of forgetfulness---ping.
The sound of water.
He lies down on the ground,
curled up, asleep.*

Eurydice returns and sees that her string room is gone.

Eurydice

Where's my room?

The Stones are silent.

(To the Stones) WHERE IS MY ROOM?
Answer me!

Little Stone

It's none of our business.

Loud Stone

What are you doing here?

Big Stone

You should be with your wife.

Loud Stone

Up there.

Eurydice

Where's my father?

The Stones point to the Father.

(To the Stones) Why is he sleeping?

The Stones shrug their shoulders.

(To her father) I've come back!

Loud Stone

He can't hear you.

Little Stone

It's too late.

Eurydice

What are you talking about?

Big Stone

He dipped himself in the River.

Eurydice

My father did not dip himself in the River.

The Stones

He did!

We saw him!

Loud Stone

He wanted some peace and quiet.

Eurydice

(To the Stones) HE DID NOT!

(To her Father) Listen. I'll teach you the words. Then we'll know each other again. Ready? We'll start with my name. Eurydice. E, U, R, Y. . .

Big Stone

He can't hear you.

Loud Stone

He can't see you.

Little Stone

He can't remember you.

Eurydice

(To the Stones) I hate you! I've always hated you!

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

(To her father) Listen. I'll tell you a story.

Little Stone

He can't hear you.

Loud Stone

He can't see you.

Loud Stone

He can't remember you.

Little Stone

Try speaking in the language of stones.

Loud Stone

It's a very quiet language.

Like if the pores in your
face opened up and wanted to talk.

Eurydice

Stone.

Rock.

Tree. Rock. Stone.

It doesn't work.

She holds her father.

Loud Stone

Didn't you already mourn for your father, young lady?

Little Stone

Some things should be left well enough alone.

Big Stone

To mourn twice is excessive.

Little Stone

To mourn three times a sin.

Loud Stone

Life is like a good meal.

Big Stone

Only gluttons want more food when they finish their helping.

Little Stone

Lear to be more moderate.

Big Stone

It's weird for a dead person to be morbid.

Little Stone

We don't like to watch it!

Loud Stone

We don't like to see it!

Big Stone

It makes me uncomfortable.

Eurydice cries.

The Stones

Don't cry!

Don't cry!

Big Stone

Learn the art of keeping busy!

Eurydice

IT'S HARD TO KEEP BUSY WHEN YOU'RE DEAD!

The Stones

It is not hard!
We keep busy
And we like it
We're busy busy busy stones
Watch us work
Keeping still
Keeping quiet
It's hard work
To be a stone
No time for crying
No no no!

Eurydice

I HATE YOU! I'VE ALWAYS HATED YOU!

She runs toward the Stones and tries to hit them.

The Stones

Go ahead.
Try to hit us.

Little Stone

You'll hurt your fist.

Big Stone

You'll break your hand.

The Stones

Ha ha ha!

Enter the child.
He has grown.
He is now at least ten feet tall.
His voice sounds suspiciously
like the Nasty Interesting Man's.

Child

Is there a problem here?

The Stones

No, sir.

Child

(To Eurydice) You chose to stay with us, huh? Good.

He looks her over.

Perhaps to be my bride?

Eurydice

I told you. You're too young.

Child

I'll be the judge of that.
I've grown.

Eurydice

Yes --- I see that.

Child

I'm ready to be a man now. I'm ready ---- to be --- a man.

Eurydice

Please. Leave me alone.

Child

I'll have them start preparing the satins and silks. You can't refuse me. I've made my choice. I'm ready to be a man now.

Eurydice

Can I have a moment to prepare myself?

Child

Don't be long. The wedding songs are already being written.
They're very quiet. Inaudible, you might say. A dirt-filled orchestra for my bride. Don't trouble the songs with your music, I say.
A song is two dead bodies rubbing under the covers to keep warm.

He exits.

The Stones

Well, well, well!

Little Stone

You had better prepare yourself.

Eurydice

There is nothing to prepare.

Big Stone

You had better comb your hair.

Loud Stone

You had better find a veil.

Eurydice

I don't need a veil. I need a pen!

Little Stone

Pens are forbidden here.

Eurydice

I need a pencil then.

Loud Stone

Pencils, too.

Eurydice

Damn you I'll dip you in the River!

Big Stone

Too late, too late!

Eurydice

There must be a pen. There are. There must be.

She remembers the pen and paper in the breast pocket of her father's coat/

She takes them out.

She holds the pen up to show the Stones.

She gloats.

A pen.

She writes a letter:

Dear Orpheus,

I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me, I was afraid.

I'm not worthy of you. But I still love you, I think. Don't try to find me again. You would be lonely for music. I want you to be happy. I want you to marry again. I am going to write out instructions for your next wife.

To My Wife's Next Wife:

Be gentle.

Be sure to comb her hair when it's wet.

Do not fail to notice

that her face flushes pink

like a bride's

when you kiss her.

Give her lots to eat.

She forgets to eat and she gets cranky.

When she's sad,

kiss her forehead and I will thank you.

Because she is a young prince
and her robes are too heavy on her.
Her crown falls down
around her ears.
I'll give this letter to a worm. I hope he finds you.

Love,
Eurydice

*She puts the letter on the ground.
She dips herself in the River.
A small metallic sound of forgetfulness --- ping.
The sound of water.
She lies down next to her father, as though asleep.*

*The sound of an elevator ---ding.
Orpheus appears in the elevator.
She sees Eurydice.
She is happy.
The elevator starts raining on Orpheus
She forgets.
She steps out of the elevator.
She sees the letter on the ground.
She picks it up.
She scrutinizes it.
She can't read it.
She stands on it.
She closes her eyes.
The sound of water.
Then silence.*

THE END