

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 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

FATHER

No. What did he say?

EURYDICE

He says he's going to come find me.

FATHER

How?

EURYDICE

He's going to sing.

Scene 19

Darkness.

An unearthly light surrounds Orpheus.

He holds a straw up to his lips in slow motion.

He blows into the straw.

The sound of breath.

He disappears.

Scene 20

The sound of knock.

LITTLE STONE

Someone is knocking!

BIG STONE

Who is it?

# Orpheus #2