

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!
He's not dancing.

Spot

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

EURYDICE
(Shouting) His name is Orpheus.

As he attempts to open champagne offstage:

MAN

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

EURYDICE

Maybe you've heard of him. He's kind of famous. He 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.

MAN #1
3 5 2

102.

3 5 3

*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 husband. 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.

354

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 a real man. A man with broad shoulders like me. Orpheus has long fingers that would tremble to pet a bull or pluck a bee from a hive—

EURYDICE
How do you know about my husband'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 parties . . . 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.*

355

End

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