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 his wife.

LOUD STONE. (*correcting Big Stone.*) Orpheus was a great musician. Eurydice was his wife. She died.

LITTLE STONE. Then he 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.

LITTLE STONE. 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 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 1930s 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 towards the audience and opens her mouth, trying to speak.
There is a great humming noise.
She closes her mouth.
The humming noise stops.
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 of despair.

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.

The stones 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 too young
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 husband was with me.
What was my husband's name?

Eurydice turns to the stones.

My husband's name? Do you know it?

The stones shrug their shoulders.

How strange. I don't remember.
It was horrible to see his face
when I died. His eyes were
two black birds
and they flew to me.

I said no – stay where you are –
he needs you in order to see!

When I got through the cold
they made me swim in a river
and I forgot his name.
I forgot all the names.
I know his 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 and finds that she can't.

EURYDICE. 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.

EURYDICE. 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.

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 stones.

FATHER. 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.

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 back yard! I used to sit all day in its shade!

She sits at the feet of her father.

EURYDICE. 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 falling 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.

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 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.

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.

STONES. THERE ARE NO ROOMS!

He picks up her luggage.
He gives the stones a dirty look.
The sound of water in rusty pipes.