

## 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.