Acting Edition

Eurydice

by Sarah Ruhl

This sample is an excerpt of a Concord Theatricals title.

Samples of Concord Theatricals titles are for perusal and cannot be used for performance or downloaded, printed, and distributed in any way.

This sample may not reflect the version of the play currently in print.

SAMUEL FRENCH

Copyright © 2008 by Sarah Ruhl
Afterword Copyright © 2025 by Sarah Ruhl
All Rights Reserved

EURYDICE is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, the British Commonwealth, including Canada, and all member countries of the Berne Convention for the Protection of Literary and Artistic Works, the Universal Copyright Convention, and/or the World Trade Organization conforming to the Agreement on Trade Related Aspects of Intellectual Property Rights. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television, online/digital production, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-66244-7

www.concordtheatricals.com
www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

FOR PRODUCTION INQUIRIES

United States and Canada
info@concordtheatricals.com
1-866-979-0447

United Kingdom and Europe
licensing@concordtheatricals.co.uk
020-7054-7298

Each title is subject to availability from Concord Theatricals Corp., depending upon country of performance. Please be aware that *EURYDICE* may not be licensed by Concord Theatricals Corp. in your territory. Professional and amateur producers should contact the nearest Concord Theatricals Corp. office or licensing partner to verify availability.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *EURYDICE* is subject to a licensing fee. The purchase, renting, lending or use of this book does not constitute a license to perform this title(s), which license must be obtained from Concord Theatricals Corp. prior to any performance. Performance of this title(s) without a license is a violation of federal law and may subject the producer and/or presenter of such performances to civil penalties. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title(s) is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged. Professional/Stock licensing fees are quoted upon application to Concord Theatricals Corp.

This work is published by Samuel French, an imprint of Concord Theatricals Corp.

No one shall make any changes in this title(s) for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, scanned, uploaded, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, digital, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall share this title(s), or any part of this title(s), through any social media or file hosting websites.

For all inquiries regarding motion picture, television, online/digital and other media rights, please contact Concord Theatricals Corp.

MUSIC AND THIRD-PARTY MATERIALS USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music and/or other copyrighted third-party materials (e.g. artworks, logos) in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music and materials that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for clearances of all third-party copyrighted materials, including without limitation music, and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Concord Theatricals Corp., against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of such copyrighted third-party materials by licensees. For music, please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

EURYDICE received its world premiere at Madison Repertory Theatre (Richard Corley, Artistic Director; Tony Forman, Managing Director) in September, 2003. The production was directed by Richard Corley; the set design was by Narelle Sissons, the lighting design was by Rand Ryan, the costume design was by Murell Horton, the sound design was by Darron L. West, and movement was by Karen Hoyer; the stage manager was Lynn Terry. The cast was as follows

EURYDICE . . . . . Laura Heisler
HER FATHER . . . . . John Lenertz
ORPHEUS . . . . . David ANdrew McMahon
A NASTY INTERESTING MAN . . . . . Scot Morton
GRANDMOTHER . . . . . Diane Dorsey
BIG STONE . . . . . Jody REiss
LITTLE STONE . . . . . Polly Noonan
LOUD STONE . . . . . Karlie Nurse

EURYDICE premiered on September 22, 2006 at the Yale Repertory Theatre (James Bundy, artistic director; Victoria Nolan, managing director). The production was directed by Les Waters, and featured choreography by John Carrafa, scenic design by Scott Bradley, costume design by Meg Neville, lighting design by Russell H. Champa, and sound design by Bray Poor. Amy Boratko was the dramaturg and James Mountcastle was the production stage manager. The cast was as follows:

EURYDICE. . . . . Maria Dizzia
LOUD STONE . . . . . Gian-Murray Gianino
LITTLE STONE . . . . . Carla Harting
BIG STONE . . . . . Ramiz Monsef
ORPHEUS . . . . . Joseph Parks
EURYDICE'S FATHER . . . . . Charles Shaw Robinson
NASTY INTERESTING MAN/LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD Mark Zeisler

EURYDICE opened on June 18, 2007 at Second Stage Theatre. The production was directed by Les Waters, and featured choreography by John Carrafa, scenic design by Scott Bradley, costume design by Meg Neville, lighting design by Russell H. Champa, and sound design by Bray Poor.

EURYDICE. . . . . Maria Dizzia
LOUD STONE . . . . . Gian-Murray Gianino
LITTLE STONE . . . . . Carla Harting
BIG STONE . . . . . Ramiz Monsef
ORPHEUS . . . . . Joseph Parks
EURYDICE'S FATHER . . . . . Charles Shaw Robinson
NASTY INTERESTING MAN/LORD OF THE UNDERWORLD Mark Zeisler

CHARACTERS

Eurydice
Her Father
Orpheus
A Nasty Interesting Man/The Lord of the Underworld

A Chorus of Stones:

Big Stone
Little Stone
Loud Stone

SETTING

The set contains a raining elevator,
a water-pump,
some rusty exposed pipes,
an abstracted River of Forgetfulness,
an old-fashioned glow-in-the-dark globe.

NOTES

Eurydice and Orpheus should be played as though they are a little too young and a little too in love. They should resist the temptation to be "classical."

The underworld should resemble the world of Alice in Wonderland more than it resembles Hades.

The stones might be played as though they are nasty children at a birthday party.

When people compose letters in this play they needn't actually scribble them – they can speak directly to the audience.

The play should be performed without an intermission.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thank you to Christopher Steele-Nicholson. Thank you to Rick Corley for doing the first production of the play, Susannah Melone for being the very first Eurydice, Laura Heisler for being the second, to Polly and to Carla for having the humility and dexterity to play both Eurydice and little stone, and Maria for following the play to three cities. Thanks to all the actors, designers and directors who contributed to this play along its path – Daniel Fish for his water bottles, Rebecca Brown and Darron West for their red door in the Jimmy Jingle, Davis McCallum for the grandmother retreating into a row of trees in the open air, Scott Bradley for the letters ascending into heaven, and Joyce Piven for the circus flights and the exit door. Thanks to Joe Pucci and David Konstan for the Latin and the Greek. Thank you to Chuck Mee for giving this play to Les Waters, and for his inspiration with the Greeks; to Kathleen Tolan for getting me through New York previews, and to the Tolan-Mee daughters for being the ideal audience. Thanks to Mac Wellman who read the first draft, and to Paula Vogel for reading all the subsequent ones. And thank you to Les Waters, for everything. Thank you to Mom, Kate, and Tony for coming to every production.

This play is for my father.

FIRST MOVEMENT

Scene 1

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

EURYDICE. All those birds?

He nods.

EURYDICE. For me? Thank you.

They make a quarter turn and he makes a sweeping gesture.
He makes a gesture of giving the sea to Eurydice.

EURYDICE. And – the sea! Now?

Orpheus opens his hands.

EURYDICE. It's mine already?

Orpheus nods.

EURYDICE. Wow.

They kiss. He indicates the sky.

EURYDICE. Surely not – surely not the sky and the stars too.

Orpheus nods.

EURYDICE. That's very generous.

Orpheus nods.

EURYDICE. Perhaps too generous?

Orpheus shakes his head.

EURYDICE. Thank you.

She crawls on top of him and kisses his eyes.

EURYDICE. 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 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.

ORPHEUS. 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, towards the water.

ORPHEUS. Wait – remember this melody.

He 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.

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

She claps.
He 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 and fall gently down to earth. How about that?

EURYDICE. Okay.

They gaze at each other.

ORPHEUS. It's settled then.

EURYDICE. What is?

ORPHEUS. Your hair will be my orchestra and – I love you.

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 string. In case I come upon a broken instrument.

He takes out a string from his pocket.
He takes her left hand.

ORPHEUS. This hand.

He wraps string deliberately around her fourth finger.

ORPHEUS. Is this too tight?

EURYDICE. No – it's fine.

ORPHEUS. There – now you'll remember.

EURYDICE. That's a very particular finger.

ORPHEUS. Yes.

EURYDICE. You're aware of that?

ORPHEUS. Yes.

EURYDICE. How aware?

ORPHEUS. Very aware.

EURYDICE. Orpheus – are we?

ORPHEUS. You tell me.

EURYDICE. Yes.
I think so.

ORPHEUS. You *think* so?

EURYDICE. I wasn't thinking.
I mean – Yes. Just: Yes.

ORPHEUS. Yes?

EURYDICE. Yes.

ORPHEUS. Yes!

EURYDICE. Yes!

ORPHEUS. May our lives be full of music!

Music.
He 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.

EURYDICE. What are you thinking about?

ORPHEUS. Music.

Her face falls.

ORPHEUS. 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 towards the water.

Scene 2

The Father, dressed in a grey 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 he seems like a serious young man. I understand he's a musician.

(The father thinks – oh, dear.)

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 man. Or woman.

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, much 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 solemn, 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.

He's always taking a shower when the guests arrive so he 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 water from the water pump.
The Nasty Interesting Man, wearing a trench coat, appears and sees Eurydice cupping her hands full of water.

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 reads it.

MAN. (*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,
'til 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.

EURYDICE. I'm warm; are you warm?

ORPHEUS. Yes!

EURYDICE. I'm going to get a drink of water.

ORPHEUS. Don't go.

EURYDICE. I'll be right back.

ORPHEUS. Promise?

EURYDICE. Yes.

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

EURYDICE. Silly goose.

They kiss.

Scene 5

Eurydice at the water pump,
getting a glass of water.
The 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. Voila.

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 gestures to the floor.
He switches on Brazilian mood music.
She looks around.

EURYDICE. I can't stay long!

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

EURYDICE. I can see my wedding from here!
The people are so small – they're dancing!

There's Orpheus!

He's not dancing.

MAN. (*Shouting from off-stage)* So, who's this guy you're marrying?

EURYDICE. (*shouting)* His name is Orpheus.

MAN. (*as he attempts to open the champagne, off-stage.)* Orpheus. Not a very interesting name. I've heard it before.

EURYDICE. (*shouting)* 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. (*shouting)* 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.

MAN. Voila.

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.

MAN. 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.

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.

MAN. 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 under him and opens the door to the stairwell.
He opens his eyes.
She looks at the letter.

EURYDICE. 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!

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 bands, 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 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.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.concordtheatricals.com

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and anything theater-related, follow us on our social media channels.

@ConcordShows and **@ConcordUKShows** on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

concord
theatricals