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