Eurydice & Orpheus

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.