FATHER

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.