

SARAH RUHL'S

Eurydice

Rehearsals begin Sept 9; Performances Oct 24-Nov 3

AUDITIONS
SEPTEMBER 4 6-8 P.M.
LITTLE THEATRE

[Audition form here](#)

(<https://tinyurl.com/MJCEurydice>)!

[Read the play here](#)

About the Play:

"In *Eurydice*, Sarah Ruhl reimagines the classic myth of Orpheus through the eyes of its heroine. Dying too young on her wedding day, Eurydice must journey to the underworld, where she reunites with her father and struggles to remember her lost love. With contemporary characters, ingenious plot twists, and breathtaking visual effects, the play is a fresh look at a timeless love story."

Eurydice is not realistic and flows easily between the world of the living and the underworld. The story is about memory, love, and loss.

SARAH RUHL'S

Eurydice

CHARACTERS:

Eurydice

- She loves books and words. She is always truthful.
- Eurydice and Orpheus are described as "a little too young and a little too in love."

Orpheus

- He is a musician and composer who prefers music to words.
- He is very much in love with Eurydice.
- Very sorrowful when Eurydice dies. Journeys to the Underworld to retrieve her.

Father of Eurydice

- Resident of the Underworld
- Loving father
- Cares for Eurydice when she reaches the Underworld

Lord of the Underworld (Nasty Interesting Man/Child)

- Lures Eurydice to the Underworld
- Role may be split among two actors
- He orchestrates every other character's suffering.

The Stones: The Big Stone, The Little Stone & The Loud Stone

- Serve as the "Greek Chorus" in the Underworld
- They speak directly to the audience as well as the other characters
- Can be played by any gender
- "The stones might be played as though they are nasty children at a birthday party"

Audition monologues for *Eurydice*

Please memorize and prepare one of these monologues if you are interested in being considered for *Eurydice*.

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. Keep quiet about politics, but vote for the right man. Take care to change the light bulbs. Continue to give your self 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

EURYDICE:

There was a roar, and a coldness-I think my husband was with me. What was my husband's name? My husband's name? Do you know it? 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. They took me to a tiny boat. I only just fit inside. I looked at the oars and I wanted to cry. I tried to cry but I just drooled a little. I'll try now. (*She tries to cry and finds that she can't.*) What happiness it would be to cry. (*She takes a breath.*) I was not lonely, only alone with myself, begging myself not to leave my own body but I was leaving. Good-bye, head--I said-- it inclined itself a little, as though to nod to me in a solemn kind of way. How do you say good-bye to yourself?

EURYDICE:

Orpheus never liked words. He had his music. He would get a funny look on his face and I would say what are you thinking about and he would always be thinking about music. If we were in a restaurant sometimes I would get embarrassed because Orpheus looked sullen and wouldn't talk to me and I thought people felt sorry for me. I should have realized that women envied me. Their husbands talked too much. But I wanted to talk to him about my notions. I was working on a new philosophical system. It involved hats. This is what it is to love an artist: The moon is always rising above your house. The houses of your neighbors look dull and lacking in moonlight. But he is always going away from you. Inside his head there is always something more beautiful. Orpheus said the mind is a slide ruler. It can fit around anything. Words can mean anything. Show me your body, he said. It only means one thing.

ORPHEUS:

Eurydice! Before I go down there, I won't practice my music. Some say practice. But practice is a word invented by cowards. The animals don't have a word for practice. A gazelle does not run for practice. He runs because he is scared or he is hungry. A bird doesn't sing for practice. She sings because she's happy or sad. So I say: store it up. The music sounds better in my head than it does in the world. When songs are pressing against my throat, then, only then, I will go down and sing for the devils and they will cry through their parched throats. Eurydice, don't kiss a dead man. Their lips look red and tempting but put your tongue in their mouths and it tastes like oatmeal. I know how much you hate oatmeal. I'm going the way of death. Here is my plan: Tonight, when I go to bed, I will turn off the light and put a straw in my mouth. When I fall asleep, I will crawl through the straw and my breath will push me like a great wind into the darkness and I will sing your name and I will arrive. I have consulted the almanacs, the footstools, and the architects, and everyone agrees. Wait for me. Love, Orpheus

EURYDICE:

Dear Orpheus, I'm sorry. I don't know what came over me. I was afraid. I'm not worthy of you. But I still love you, I think. Don't try to find me again. You would be lonely for music. I want you to be happy. I want you to marry again. I am going to write out instructions for your next wife. To my Husband's Next Wife: Be gentle. Be sure to comb his hair when it's wet. Do not fail to notice that his face flushes pink like a bride's when you kiss him. Give him lots to eat. He forgets to eat and he gets cranky. When he's sad, kiss his forehead and I will thank you. Because he is a young prince and his robes are too heavy on him. His crown falls down around his ears. I'll give this letter to a worm. I hope he finds you. Love, Eurydice.